...cAllister & Beaver


# THE BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

ESTABLISHED IN 1869. "Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not Perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. TERMS: $2.00 PER ANNUM.

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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

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## An Important Matter to Borough and Township Auditors.

Several times in the last few months we have called the attention of the people and officers of the several boroughs and townships in this county to the law requiring them to publish an itemized financial statement of their accounts in the newspapers in their immediate neighborhood. We have been lead to do this, not altogether from a selfish motive, but because it is our duty as journalists to keep the people posted in all matters that pertain to their interests; and also because we have noticed that in a great many instances the law was being totally disregarded. The law has for years been especially explicit as regards boroughs, and yet the boroughs of Milesburg and Howard have paid no attention to the matter whatever. This disregard of the law subjects the auditors of the boroughs to a fine, if the corporation is in debt, of one thousand dollars apiece; if not in debt, of twenty dollars. The officers of the school boards in these two places have been equally derelict in their duty, and are liable to a similar fine.

By a law passed in 1875, the duty is now just as obligatory upon townships or other corporations. This question is being presented to the people by the papers all over the State, and this has lead us to investigate the matter. We have sought information from the lawyers, and they tell us that the law upon this point is plain—that it plainly requires the auditors of the several boroughs and townships to publish a statement of their accounts, respectively, at the close of each fiscal year, in at least two newspapers in the county; also by written or printed posters, posted within the several boroughs or townships. Some of the township and borough officers in this county have held the opinion that the written or printed posters, posted in the town or township, were sufficient. A case of this kind was tried in Washington county, involving a neglect of the auditors to publish in the papers, and after a thorough examination the Court decided against the auditors, and fined them twenty dollars each. In Allegheny county a like case was tried, and with just exactly the same result.

No doubt the reason why some persons have thought a publication by written or printed notices, posted up in the borough or township, was sufficient compliance with the law, is because the act of 1874 so stated it, but the provisions of the act were as follows:

Nothing in this act shall be constructed to interfere with the present law which requires annual statements of the receipts and expenditures of the borough councils, road commissioners, supervisors, overseers of the poor, and school directors to be advertised in the daily or weekly papers published in the respective localities.

It is plain from the above that the written or printed statements to be posted within the borough or township is a publication in *addition* to the publication in the papers, for were it not so the act itself would be practically of no effect—in fact a nullity.

Then again, on the 20th day of April, 1874, the Governor approved an act the 6th section of which required the corporate authorities of *every municipality or district* to annually, in the month of January, prepare and publish in at least two newspapers of said municipality, *or of the county* in which the same is situated, a statement showing in detail the actual indebtedness, the amount of funded debt, the amount of the floating debt thereof, the valuation of the taxable property therein, the assets of the corporation, with the character and nature thereof. The penalty for neglect to publish in the newspapers such a statement is a fine of *one thousand dollars*. The object of this law is plain. It is to bring to the knowledge of all the people interested, at least once a year, the actual financial condition of the borough, township or district, and is as much for the benefit of the tax-payer as for the creditor or creditors. It is a law made in the interest of the whole people, both rich and poor, who have taxes to pay, and it is for the interest of every tax-payer to see that it is carried out to the letter, for it gives everyone an opportunity to know what the officers elected to do their public business are doing with their money—whether they are laying it out judiciously or not.

On the 12th day of April, 1875, the Governor approved an act which was supplementary to the act of 20th of April, 1874, declaring that the statement to be published in at least two newspapers must be at the end of the fiscal year, and not in the month of January, as required by said act of 20th April, 1874. The new Constitution requires the borough or township officers to be elected annually, in February. The law, in pursuance of that constitutional provision, requires such officers elected in February to be sworn into office on the first Monday of April. Consequently the fiscal year ends at that time, and all annual statements have to be made out and published as soon as possible thereafter, except school accounts, which must be published in June. We therefore sum up the whole question as follows:

First—The auditors are required in each borough and township to settle the annual accounts thereof, and publish the same not only in newspapers, but also by written or printed statements, put up in the most public places in the respective boroughs and townships, as soon after the close of the fiscal year, which is on the first Monday in April, as possible.

Second—If the borough or township is in debt, has a funded or floating debt, this must be included in the statement, together with the valuation of property, etc., and published in at least two papers, and embraced in the written or printed statement also.

It will be readily seen by what we have said that it is necessary that the auditors of the several boroughs, townships and districts throughout the county, should go to work at once and settle the accounts, as they are in duty bound to do, and have them published, not only by posting written or printed notices, but also by publishing the same in the newspapers, as the law directs. A failure to perform this duty may subject the officers to trouble; for, as we have stated above, if the corporation is not in debt they are subject to a fine of twenty dollars apiece; if it is in debt, to a fine of one thousand dollars. It is hardly worth while for the auditors of any borough, township or district in this county to incur the risk of this penalty by a neglect of this plain lawful duty. If they do, and suffer by it, they cannot plead ignorance of the law as an excuse, for we do not suppose there are any persons in this county elected to this responsible position who cannot read.

## Dissemination of Falsehood by Democratic Investigating Committees.

The Democratic party has never been celebrated for untarnished honor or for a scrupulous regard to right as against wrong, and truth as against falsehood, when a political opponent was concerned. Undoubtedly, the moral sentiment of the nation has reached a higher plane than ever attained before; and that on the part of the people there is a profounder realization of the necessity of political and personal uprightness. The fearful conflict induced by the rebellion of the South, for which the leaders of the Democracy are responsible, has had the usual effect of all wars upon all peoples, and opened the flood-gates of reckless ambition to get rich without labor, and to adopt crooked devices to reach the object desired. But while the better classes of citizens who, prizing education, have been able to wield a healthy influence over the masses, so as generally to hold in check in the North that selfish lawlessness which prevails so much in the South, the Democracy, rank and file, with many of the Bourbon leaders, have not partaken of the benefit to any appreciable extent. The result is that the unexpected revival of Democratic hope, by the assembly in the House of Representatives of the Confederate remnants of the rebel armies who were stricken by lightning when sent there, has revived therewith all the old vices of the Democracy, now doubly hideous from their long repression. And we have the sorry spectacle of twenty-eight Democratic investigating committees of Congress, every one of them vigorously engaged in sending abroad as unchallenged truth evidence which they know to be false, and evidence which they knew must be contradicted in the course of a day or two. Thus the country is flooded with Democratic falsehood from one end to the other. Democratic chairmen of committees listen to venomous hearsay statements which consume the public time at the expense of public money, to pay the fraudulent witnesses who have not a word of truth to testify, or if they had, it would not be listened to, because it is not wanted. This practice is a very stale trick. The lie travels swiftly and is sent out first. When truth overtakes it, the lie is supposed to have done its dirty work. The Democracy are not a reading people, and the Democratic press is not given to the virtue of contradicting what tells against Republicans simply because it is not true. The floating lie in Democratic hands is a Democratic power, and much relied on and admired. And is not Democratic admiration for Democratic lies justified when Democratic chairmen of investigating committees select these lies with great cheerfulness, and send them on their travels for publication? No prominent Republican is safe from the attacks of Democratic defamers. The purest of our public men are shining marks for defamation, and if those Democratic committees can by falsehood affect to smirch for an hour a good character, it is a feather in the cap of Democracy, and an achievement worthy of the Democratic camp. Let Republicans note this.

But what a disreputable employment for a Democratic chairman! What a disgraceful method of opposing Republicans! Such Democrats are nothing better than slinking moral assassins, who have entered the lists as rivals of the bludgeon of the agrarian, or the stiletto of the Italian, who always stabs his victim in the back. The "time-honored Democracy," as they love to call themselves, are of the same strain as those who welcomed the rebellion; the descendants of the men who were in league with disloyalty, or the very men themselves who grew up to the pattern of those bewildering political lights, Northern men with Southern principles, or Southerners whose Democracy was all rebel.

## Honor the Fallen Braves.

The following official circular has just been issued:

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, No. 920, WALNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA, May 1, 1876.
[GENERAL ORDERS No. 11.]

In accordance with the rules and regulations of the Grand Army of the Republic, Tuesday, May 30, will be observed as a memorial day, to decorate with fitting ceremonies, the graves of our fallen comrades. In this Centennial year, when each true patriot hopes to see the proofs of peace and good-will, and we meet as a united people to commemorate the events connected with the birth of our nation, the memories of our dead comrades, whose lives were required for the establishment of that peace, should be very near to our hearts, and command our choicest offerings.

The mode in which these ceremonies may be conducted is left to the judgment of posts, but it is suggested that they invite the co-operation of other organizations and of the public generally. It is hoped the custom of preceding years of planting flowers at the graves will be generally observed. Where no posts of the Grand Army are established, citizens are earnestly requested to arrange for the proper observance of the day, that the grave of each dead soldier and sailor may be appropriately honored. By order of

JOHN F. HARTRANFT,
Commander-in-Chief.
ROBERT B. BEATH,
Adjutant General.

——The wet spell of the past few days has caused the grass to grow and the trees to put forth leaves with amazing rapidity.

## OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

**Jealous Gotham—May-Day—Bad for Bankrupts—Uncle Sam's Cash Box—Offenbach—Art Matters—The Johnston Collection—Matters at Philadelphia—The Lively Last Days—Balloon Illumination—The Press Representation—Railroad Fares.**

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, May 16, 1876.

EDITOR OF REPUBLICAN:

Gotham is green with jealousy. Isn't she the biggest town, with the most money, rings, rows, elevated railways and four-in-hands in America? And isn't that sleepy, rambling old village of Philadelphia stealing her birth-right, and monopolizing the lion's share of the world's attention which would otherwise centre on Manhattan Island? Of course, and under these circumstances how else should New York feel but insured and indignant? But we must submit to the inevitable with the best grace possible and consent to suffer a partial eclipse for the next six months. And with this fact in view I will notice only slightly the doings of the week here that more space may be left for the Quaker city.

In the first place the week has been one long moving day. The unsettled condition of rent and of the pockets of most of the people has caused a very considerable amount of shifting around. This convulsion of nature, however, is about over now. The stream of drays full of stoves, looking-glasses, clocks, beds and chairs is subsiding, and our nomadic tribe is settling down with a sigh of relief for another year.

Mr. Charles O'Conor, who, for several weeks, has been made the subject of some very ugly stories, accusing him of very serious sharp practice in defrauding a widow who, years ago, was his client, has turned up his slanderers, and before a tribunal presided over by ex-Governor Dix, has vindicated himself in a manner to increase, if possible, his high reputation.

In view of the barefaced lengths to which dishonest composition with creditors has been carried of late, the action just taken by a certain manufacturers' association, of this city, is important and significant. The chairman of this body, in a very able letter, brought out by an unusually shameless offer on the part of his debtors of 50 cents on the dollar immediately after saying they were perfectly solvent, very justly says that "when we compel our good customers to compete with rotten concerns who only pay fifty cents on the dollar, we stick the knife into the very heart of commercial honor and ability, and offer a premium on fraud and imbecility." He then appeals to business men generally to band together for the purpose of crushing out this enormous evil. The ball thus set in motion is rapidly gathering momentum; the press have taken it up, and I am much mistaken if within a year's time frauduient settlements are not made both dangerous and unpopular, at least among merchants dealing with large New York houses.

Now that our sub-treasury is handling so much specie, its guardians feeling naturally anxious for its security, have just put down their two vaults, a set of doors that will make the average cracksman scratch his head to get through. These doors are four in number, each four inches thick and made of welded iron-steel, the whole weight some twenty-five tons, and, as though sixteen inches of cold metal were not enough to discourage the festive burglar, the doors have an aggregate of sixteen combination and chronometer locks. So, on the whole, Uncle Sam may sleep pretty easy so far as his cash box here is concerned.

The great opera bouffe composer, Offenbach, arrived on the 5th, a barge load of the theatrical and muscial profession going down the bay to meet and welcome him. He will open the summer season at Gilmore's concert garden (the scene of Moody and Sankey's late labors) on Thursday next, when a big time in the musical line is anticipated. For his labors in this country, Offenbach receives the very handsome sum of $1,000 per night.

Two notable art sales have been held this week, one, that of the Blodgett collection of paintings netting nearly $90,000, and the other, that of the Jenkins collection, bringing about $70,000. It is estimated that the private galleries of this city alone contains paintings to the value of at least two millions of dollars. One of the finest of its size in New York, or in the country, is that of J. H. Johnston, the well known jewler, of this city. His collection embraces many beautiful gems of the prominent modern painters, of E. Luetze, Cropsey, Bierstadt, the elder and younger Moran, Gay, and numerous others, and one magnificent rembrandt that shines among its moddern associates like the Kohinoor among the lesser jewels of the crown. This admirable work, the subject of which is St. Mark and the Lion, caught the practised eye of Mr. Johnston among a number of ordinary paintings in a picture store here in New York, and was quietly bought by him at a nominal figure. Great was the surprise of his artist friends when called to view the new treasure, and much incredulity was at first expressed by them that such a treasure could have existed in their midst without their knowledge, but the proofs were too strong, and he is now generally conceded to be the possessor of a genuine Rambrandt, worth at least $30,000. At Mr. Johnston's brilliant weekly receptions, when his collection is thrown open to the invited guests, may be seen many of the most illustrious artists and literati of the country.

PHILADELPHIA, May 6.

Barring the conflict of opinion and authority between the Centennial Commission and the Executive Committee, to which I made reference in a previous letter, everything is smooth and harmonious in these last days of the busy preparation; and even this little jarring is not as serious as some of the papers would have it appear. The subjects of recent action are the Sunday and liquor questions. The decision to close both buildings and grounds on Sunday, though sharply opposed, has been confirmed and will doubtless be the order of the season, to the great dissatisfaction of a large proportion of the natives. The authorities declining to act on the various protests received against liquor selling on the grounds, the public will have numberless opportunities to "plaza" itself within the sacred precincts.

The question of railroad fares, to and from Philadelphia, is naturally receiving much discussion and attention. It is probable that the reductions that will be made will generally be satisfactory, though some roads will doubtless try to make hay while the sun shines, by holding prices and trusting to the attractions of the Exposition to make the people pay them. The Pennsylvania railroad has taken a noble initiative by putting their round trip tickets by excursion train, between New York and Philadelphia, at $2.00, a reduction of three-fifths. It is also issuing tickets from all parts of the country at proportionately low rates.

The number of strangers which the city and suburbs can stow away at one time, is very variously estimated. The Transportation Committee, after a pretty thorough canvass, reports the figures at 118,000, with a possibility at a pinch of taking care of 150,000. So come on, and don't be afraid of having to sleep in the streets.

RADIX.

## The Williamsport Fire Fiend Captured.

**Several Attempts made to Lynch Him by the Excited Crowd.**

Williamsport, which has been twice scourged with fire lately, was again threatened last Saturday. A man by the name of Cornelius Carter, was arrested in the act of setting fire to a pile of lumber. The Philadelphia *Times* thus describes his arrest and the excitement which followed:

The excitement was intense, and continual shouts of: "Hang the scoundrel! Lynch him!" showed the feverish sentiment of the populace. Occasionally a rush would be made as though to get him away from the guards, and like the rebound of a wave the surging throng would expand again as they were driven back by the guards. The news spread rapidly, and upon reaching the jail scores of people came running up the street until the throng numbered many hundreds. Fortunately the doors were already open waiting to receive the prisoner, and he was lodged safely within. Here it was ascertained that the incendiary was Cornelius Carter, a resident of Gilmer street. After searching him and taking possession of his personal effects he was turned into the corridor behind the iron grating. He had a pocket-book containing a twenty dollar bill and three canceled bank checks. Upon examination he was found to have received a scalp wound on the left side of the head, from which blood was flowing profusely, covering his neck and clothing. In the left arm, within a short distance of each other, were two pistol shot wounds, while in both his legs, from the instep to the knee, were counted twenty-four wounds from smaller shot. Blood was flowing freely from the larger wounds, but the smaller ones discharged no blood. A small, dark spot, surrounded by a small, white, swollen spot, indicated where the shot had gone in.

READY FOR ANOTHER FIGHT.

The wounds, though necessarily painful, did not prevent him from walking. He seemed cheerful, conversed freely, and sometimes indulged in a hearty laugh. When interrogated as to who he was, he looked up in an idiotic grin and said: "My name is Con. Carter; I'm the dog-man. I was here once before, and they sent me for sixteen months to the insane asylum at Danville." The turnkey said that was true; that he had been sent to the asylum and only got home about two months ago; that he was crazy. "Oh, yes! I'm crazy, of course I am," he rejoined with his peculiar laugh. When asked what his motive was for setting the lumber on fire, he replied: "D—n them, it's the only way I could get my money; I've tried to get my money on them checks in my pocket book and they wouldn't give it to me." Officer Joseph Pratt, who arrested Carter in the act of setting fire to the lumber, says:

FOLLOWING THE FIRE BUG.

Late yesterday afternoon I was informed at head-quarters that Hugh White wished to see me at Locust St., and the canal. I immediately went up and found him. He directed my attention to Carter, who was walking along the canal bank. I recognized Carter, and upon being informed by White of his suspicions, concluded to watch him. In a little while he got up, looked around and came towards us, and we were sure he was coming to where we were, but on reaching the canal he stopped for a moment, looked around, and then turned down the canal. We followed him at a long distance. He kept on until he reached Pine street, when he crossed the canal and turned up the Berm bank and moved directly into the yard of B. H. Taylor & Son. It was now just getting dusk. As we entered the lower end of the yard he suddenly disappeared among the lumber. We were now almost sure of our man, but had to use the utmost precaution. I stealthily approached the spot near where I supposed he was, and, peeping around a board pile, discovered him standing near a pile of lath. I could see his form and that was all. In another instant I saw a flash of light, and saw him deliberately place the match in the lath pile, where he had placed whittlings. I told the boys to run around the other way and put the fire out, and that I would attend to him. As he turned to depart I confronted him, and told him he was the man I wanted. Before I was aware of it he drew a large knife and rushed towards me with it uplifted. As he approached I met him with a club, striking him on the head with all my might and shattering the club to pieces. He seemed to be little affected by the blow, and, recovering, advanced on me again. I then reached for my revolver, returning backwards all the time. I fired two shots at him, but didn't know with what effect at the time. The man seemed desperate and again struck at me with the knife, which I dodged, and snapped my revolver twice in his face.

A FIEND INCARNATE.

Finding it would not go off, I called for Charley Donnell, who came up in his rear, emptying his revolver. In my haste to get away from him I ran into the arms of another man, whom I recognized to be Valentine Luppert. Thinking I was the man he wanted he clinched me and held me as tight as though I were in a vice. I told him for God's sake to let me go or we both would be killed, when he recognized my voice and let go of me. Fortunately for me, Carter had turned after Donnell and was going away from me, when I seized a loaded musket which Luppert had, and taking aim at Carter, pulled the trigger. There being no cap on the gun it snapped. This drew Carter's attention and again he turned for me, but getting a cap from Luppert, I was ready to receive him, and as he advanced I took deliberate aim at his legs and fired. This shot did the business. Carter fell to the ground and I ran towards him when he jumped up and at me again. I then clubbed the musket and struck him a fearful blow on the head that settled him for an instant, and as I was about to get hold of him he struck at me two or three times with the knife, and again I clubbed the musket, striking him on the head and sending the knife out of his grasp. I can't say whether any other persons shot at him besides Donnell. The knife we captured and have it in safe keeping. It is made from a file, and is about fourteen inches in length, with an edge almost as keen as a razor.

This is the man, no doubt, who caused the large fire in the lumber yard of Barrows & Co., Hebard, Foresman & Smith, B. H. Taylor & Son, G. W. Maynard & Co., P. Herdic & Co., Beaver Mills, Ranstead & Flynn's yards.

——We have received the first number of the *Sentry*, a new paper just started at Philadelphia. Although the proprietors apologize for its appearance, saying that they have been so hurried in getting out their first number that mistakes may be found which shall not occur again, yet we assert that it is a "thing of beauty," and full to the nozzle with good stuff. We hope they will meet with abundant success, as they ought to do. The paper is very interesting, and any who are in search of good entertaining literature should try it. Address *The Sentry*, Philadelphia, Pa.

## Poetry.

### Charity.

Now abideth these three: Faith, Hope, Charity; but the greatest of these is Charity.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain?
Leaving on his heart a shadow—
Leaving on our lives a stain.

If we knew the clouds above us
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Flitting o'er the dewy grass,
If we knew that birds of Eden
Were in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would we drive it with our coldness
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe;
But the cheeks, tear-washed are whitest,
And kept in life are flowers by snow.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soars to realms of light above,
We may say, "Dear father, love us,
E'en as we have shown our love."

### A Hundred Years Ago.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

While almost every day, just now,
Some great event we celebrate
That surged about the quivering prow
Of Freedom's infant ship of state—
Through fire, and smoke, and glad huzzas,
Through cannon's crash, and bonfire's glow,
A vision springs of men and things
A hundred years ago.

They had not then the railroad speed,
The lightning interchange of thought.
Nor half the need, nor half the greed,
That with the present age have wrought;
But news was news, though slower sped,
No headlong haste they cared to go,
And ruder hands fed men's demands
A hundred years ago.

No mighty cities reared their spires,
No proud, palatial homes were their's,
They had not then our grand desires,
Our railway stocks and steamer shares,
But they had thrifty towns and homes,
And hearths with health and faith aglow,
And earnest toil brought goodly spoil
A hundred years ago.

Our age can theirs with ease surpass
For air, and steam, and other powers;
They lacked the gas, and glass, and brass
That mark this rapid age of ours;
But they had eyes as keen and bright,
And faculties as rare, I know,
And wholesome rests, and manly breasts,
A hundred years ago.

And if they gave us not the vim,
The dash and polish we have gained,
If life with them was dull and dim,
Of humbler hopes and tastes restrained,
The mighty land which is our pride,
Our nation's birth, to them we owe
Who lived and thought, and wrought and fought,
A hundred years ago.

Now, while our glad centennial fires
Through all our country blaze afar,
God bless our strong, heroic sires
Who moulded us to what we are!
Nor shall their glory be forgot
While patriot blood shall course and flow
As thrilled the veins and fired the brains,
A hundred years ago.

## Our Story Teller.

### My Georgie.

I have been asked several times to tell the story; but, if I tell it all, it must be in my own way. I'm an old woman now, and if I ramble and maunder at times, why perhaps you would do the same if you were sixty years old. It wasn't necessary to see through a millstone to see that one of the girls loved him with her whole heart, while the other—but there! I have got into the middle of the story, and havn't told you the beginning yet.

There wasn't any great harm in Ida—I believe that thoroughly—but the child was too much of a kitten to know her own mind. Pretty! Oh, yes, very pretty, even to my old eyes: just the sort of beauty that old age likes, with plenty of light and color about it—great, soft, dark eyes, and heaps of dark, tangled hair, and the bloom of the damask rose on her soft, oval cheeks. She was a good little thing in the main, but fanciful and flighty and capricious as a will-o'-the-wisp, and with a whole storehouse of romance treasured up in her foolish little brain. It was really as good as a play to see that dainty, luxurious little creature sitting there in her silks and laces, talking about self-sacrifice and the pleasure of working and economizing for the man one loved. Work and economy, forsooth! and she knew about as much of either as a mollusk does of algebra. Not that I know what a mollusk is—Heaven forbid!—but it seems to be the fashion now to talk the most of what you understand the least. Yes, Ida was a nice little thing, bright and good-natured, and generous in an impulsive, open-handed way; but, bless you, she had about as much power of loving in her as a kitten. She could like people and be fond of them, and all that sort of thing, as long as everything was smooth and pleasant; but at the first touch of adversity—puff! her little rush-light of love was out with a whiff, instead of burning up clear and stronger and fiercer for the blast, as it ought to do if it were the right sort.

What is the use of being hard upon the child, though, for what she could no more help than she could the mole upon her cheek, which troubled her so. Love is a gift and a talent, like any other. Some people have it and some haven't, and whether it is a gift to be prayed for or not is a question I do not pretend to settle. I believe in it yet, old as I am, and I believe in insanity, but it's precious little I've seen of either one or the other. They say we are all crazy, more or less, only in most it never comes but very strong, and perhaps it's much the same with love. I suppose most of us have more or less of the commodity lying loose about us, ready to be squandered on any body that comes along. People in general are satisfied to dibble it out, here a little and there a little, until it is all gone, and nobody the better of it—or the worse. Once in a while, though, you come across somebody who has hoarded up the whole stock, and kept it intact until the one comes along who claims it all. Is that the better way? I'm sure I can't tell. It all depends upon who comes in for it at the end.

Georgie was one of that kind, I think; a little mite of a creature, with none of Ida's brightness or bloom about her, but taking, in her way, too, with the look of quiet resolution about the square chin and firm little mouth, and the wistful, yearning spirit that seemed always peeping out of the blue-gray eyes. Soft brown hair, and a fair, quiet little face that would wake up and sparkle with life when any thing stirred or amused her—that was Georgie. And both of the girls thought they loved him, though what there was about him that was so wonderfully attractive I never could see. A good-looking fellow enough, tall and manly, with a brown moustache, and a clear, frank look in his brown eyes. You see hundreds as good as he every day, and what there was about him—well, well, girls are mysteries, and very different from what they were when I was young. Then we didn't consider it proper to talk, or even think about such things. We took the good the gods gave us in that line, and were thankful; or, if we didn't choose to take it, we went without, and never vexed our heads about any "might have beens." That's what I did, and I'm none the worse for it now. Perhaps, though, if Georgie's father—but that is all over and done with long ago. Sometimes I think, though that may be the reason I love the girl so well—better, yes, certainly better than Ida, though she is my own niece.

But here I am maundering on about my views and my own thoughts and my own feelings, and haven't told you who they all are yet. Ida, you see, is my niece—Ida Merton, my brother's only child. Georgie, is Georgie Gresham, a distant connection of Ida's, who lives in the house, but supports herself by giving music lessons. She is a patient, plucky, indomitable little mite as she is, trudging out in all the weathers, and coming back pale and tired, but with never a complaint from her firm little lips, and always with a bright smile and a cheerful word for Aunt Jeanie, as she too calls me. I believe the child really does love me; and so does Ida, only hers is a different sort of love. You feel that if you were away Ida would love a stick or a stone or anything that might happen to be in your place; but Georgie would never forget you—never. The young man is Mark Drayton, and he is only a clerk in my brother's store, but, after all that, he is of good birth and breeding. The wheel of fortune has strange ups and downs, and he was glad enough of the place when Mr. Merton sought him out and offered it to him, in memory of early benefits which he had received from young Drayton's father. Neither of them had ever had any reason to repent the step, for Mark had proved to be steady and honorable, with rare flashes of what was almost like a genius for the business, if there can be such a thing. He had risen steadily, until it was quite understood that the next year he was to be a partner in the large wholesale and retail dry goods house of Merton & Co. All things considered, he would not have been such a bad match for Ida, only that I knew the child did not really care about him, and there was Georgie breaking her proud, patient little heart for his sake, and nobody saw it but the old woman, who had been through it all herself, and knew what it meant. It was hard enough for her sometimes, but she was not the kind to fret or bemoan herself.

Of course the young man was caught by Ida's witcheries, for the little puss was as fond of admiration as a cat is of sparrows, and spared no pains to fascinate him. I wonder that the two girls continued as good friends as they did; but I think Georgie saw Ida was not really to blame, and was only acting out her nature, in perfect ignorance of the deadly hurt which she was inflicting upon her friend. For though Georgie had told her of her long, long friendship with Mark Dayton, when he was only a poor struggling clerk, she had never told of the looks and words and ways with which he had won away her heart before either of them knew it. Not that the young man was dishonorable either. She had been his only friend in those days, you see. That was while her widowed mother was still living and Georgie was living with her. It was not until after her mother died that the girl came to live in Mr. Merton's house. Sympathy and friendship are very sweet, and Georgie had been patient and tender and true, and the young man had learned to think of her as a sister, and perhaps almost to love her as something more, but it all seemed so hopeless that he never spoke. And then he met Ida, and was dazzled and bewitched by her, and so Georgie was eclipsed for awhile—only for awhile, I felt sure, if he and Ida could but be kept from committing themselves until both had time to wake up from their foolish dream.

That evening, though, I began to fear that the rash young things would take matters into their own hands. Mark always did run about the house like a tame cat; there were few evenings that did not find him in our drawing room. No doubt it was very good for the young man, and kept him out of a great deal of mischief, but I could not help thinking sometimes that he was not the only one to be considered. That evening Ida exerted all her witchery. Such a bright sparkling little puss as she was when she choose! It was not what she said; that was well enough in its way, but neither remarkable wise or witty, but so enforced and pointed by droopings of the long lashes, and poutings of the red lips, and flashings of the dark eyes, and flutterings of the little white hands, that even an old woman like me couldn't help forgetting for a while what nonsense the whole thing was, and being carried away and captivated in spite of herself. And all the while my little Georgie sat there, with her pale face and her gentle quiet ways and her quaint little words, just the same as ever, for anything they could see. And if I fancied now and then that there was a quick catching of her breath or a passing contraction of her pretty forehead, why, perhaps it was only my fancy. I tried to think so at all events.

Presently they began to talk of the opera, and Ida declared, with her pretty hands clasped, that she adored Nilsson. Didn't Mr. Drayton think she was just divine? And oh! what would she not give to see her in Faust? Some how she never had seen her in that, and she was sure she must be a perfect Marguerite. Did Mr. Drayton know that that was the opera for to-morrow night, and perhaps that might be the last time it would be given?

And Ida stopped with her hands still clasped and her eyes fixed on the young man. I declare I could have boxed her pretty pink ears. Georgie could not have done it; but then things that seemed forward and unmaidenly in other girls, in Ida seemed so simple and artless and unconscious that you could not be disgusted with her.

Of course there was nothing for Mr. Drayton to do but to say that he would be delighted to escort her. I caught one swift glance from Georgie's eyes, and then I remembered that he was to have taken her on that very evening to hear a celebrated pianist who was setting the whole city wild; but Georgie did not speak. She was only a friend and a sister, and must learn to be quietly put aside when others claimed his services. Perhaps the young man's conscience smote him a little, for he was unusually gentle and attentive in his ways to Georgie that evening, and I heard him say:

"You know, Georgie, that he will be here for some time, and any night will do for him; but Nilsson may not appear as Marguerite again."

"Oh, yes, it is all right. I quite understand," said Georgie; and if his ear was not quick enough to detect the little quiver in her voice, nor his eye sharp enough to see the flutter on her lip, though my old eyes and ears could perceive both, whose fault was that?

Love is blind, they say; but a calm, friendly indifference blinder than any mole.

I scarcely saw Georgie the next day, but Ida was in and out, bright and blithe as usual. When evening came, both the girls were in the drawing-room. Ida was radiant. Her dress was of black silk, but all tricked off with soft fine laces, with flecks of scarlet here and there. Scarlet fuchsias nodded in her hair, and drooped at her dainty throat. Georgie looked like a pale shadow beside her, in her soft gray gown, unrelieved by a single dash of color, but, to my eyes, so sweet and fair in her brave, quiet composure.

Well, the evening crept slowly on, and Ida grew impatient, flashing hither and thither in her quick, restless way, while Georgie, half hidden in the shadow of the curtains, knitted on steadily at some piece of soft fleecy work, apparently unmoved. The carriage had been waiting at the door for an hour, and still no sign of Mark.

Just as Ida was for the fortieth time appealing to us to know if it were not the strangest thing we ever heard of, and where in the world could he be, the door opened, and Mr. Merton entered. A tall fine-looking man was this brother of mine, with silver hair and clear blue eyes, and the port and bearing of a gentleman of the old school, with the polished courtesy of that by-gone class too, and the dignified calm which scarce anything could ruffle. So it startled us to see a shadow on his face, which deepened after the quick glance which he cast around the room.

"What is the matter, brother Paul?" I asked; and both girls looked up.

"I am vexed and puzzled," was his reply—a most unusual one for him. "I came in hoping against hope to find Mark Drayton here. You have seen nothing of him?"

Mark Drayton! Ida listened in earnest now, and even Georgie dropped her work.

"It is a most perplexing thing," he went on. "I would stake my life on the young fellow's truth and honor; yet what can have become of him?"

Become of him? A perfect hurricane of questions arose; only Georgie was silent as death in her obscure corner. As soon as Ida could be induced to listen and let the rest hear, brother Paul told his story.

How that in the morning a lady had entered the store, a lady regal in silks and laces, more regal in port and bearing, so brother Paul said, tall and fair, with great flashing hazel eyes, and hair of palest gold. How that this lady, after inspecting and lavishly ordering the richest and costliest goods, velvets, silks of every shade, laces—old point, Honiton, Guipure, Mechlin—"enough to dress you from head to foot, Ida"—had suddenly discovered that she had forgotten her purse and check-book. In sore perplexity she had sent her card to Mr. Merton—Mrs. Launce D'Arleton was the name it bore—with a request for an interview. Explaining that she was obliged to leave town that afternoon, she begged him to send a trusty clerk in the carriage with her to receive and bring back the money.

"So," said brother Paul in conclusion, "I asked Mark to go as a personal favor. It is hardly his business, but I thought I could trust him."

"Well, papa?" said Ida, as he paused.

"Well, that is all," said brother Paul.

"All, papa! But where is Mark?"

"Ah! that is the question. Since he entered the carriage with Mrs. D'Arleton, nothing has been seen of him. The sum was a large one, and whether he has yielded to the sudden temptation—but that is impossible. Yet foul play, the only alternative, seems equally impossible. I have set the police on the track, but I am utterly baffled and bewildered."

I cannot pretend to describe the scene that followed this announcement. I know that for a moment there was a dead silence in the room. We were all, I think, too much shocked and stunned to speak. Ida still stood in the middle of the floor, with a face from which every vestige of color had fled. Then Georgie came forward, and, as if her movement had snapped the spell, the silence broke up suddenly—questions, surmises, doubts, suspicions, set aside as soon as formed, for none of us could really suspect of any evil-doing the young man whom we had known so long and so well. But all came back to the one horrible, unanswerable question, Where could he be?

I can only tell the story from my own point of view, and there is no use in my trying to enter into the details of the police search, of the rewards offered, of the clews which they thought they had found, but which invariably led to nothing. Had the earth opened and swallowed up Mark and that mysterious woman, they could not have disappeared more utterly. The detective system was a mystery past our comprehension, and we could do nothing but sit at home and wait, deluded with fresh hopes or sickened by fresh fears as day after day crept slowly on.

You understand that, apart from the horror of the mystery so suddenly thrust into our midst, my heart was wrung for Georgie, bearing her burden of anguish so patiently. Day by day her little face grew paler and thinner, and the wistful, yearning look deepened in her eyes, and her lips were more firmly set in their resolute line. But I knew that her dread was only of his death; I knew that no shadow of a doubt of his truth and honor had ever crossed her mind.

And how was it with Ida? The child, at first, was the most wretched of any of us, and yielded to her feelings without restraint. But when the first horrible shock was over—how shall I express it? I think the long misery of suspense bored her. She could never endure ennui, and sad and shocking as it may be, there is a certain dreadful ennui in all protracted grief. She grew tired of it, tired of waiting and hoping and fearing, tired of sad faces, tired, most of all, of the long strain of grief on her light, careless nature. So at last it was really a relief to her to open her ears to the rumors and suspicions which circulated among those who did not know Mark as we did. It justified her in casting aside the show of sadness, which had already ceased to be anything but a show, and when a doubt was once entertained, it was easy for it to become a settled angry conviction.

Well, time passed on, as it always does, whether its foot falls on roses or on breaking hearts. We were all collected in the drawing room. How well I remember the scene? The room was lighted only by the wood fire, which sent its fine flickers wavering over floor and ceiling. Georgie sat on a low ottoman. How thin her face looked as the bright lights and deep shadows chased each other across it? She was dressed in black, put on, perhaps, poor child! as a silent emblem of the sorrow that had almost died into hopelessness. Ida was at the other end of the room, talking to young Somerby, who had dropped in, just as she used to talk to Mark, with the same pretty gestures, the same arch inflections, the same soft, ringing laughter. How could she? But it was the child's nature. I dared not forget that, or I should have hated her for her fickleness and heartlessness.

Suddenly the door into the hall opened. And who stood there—a black figure sharply defined against the glare of the light? For an instant we sat mute and motionless, uncertain, I think, whether it was a ghost or not. For we had become so sure, Georgie and I, that he was dead, you see, though neither of us had breathed the suspicion to the other, nor would we have acknowledged it had we been taxed with it. For an instant we sat so, and then with a low cry of "Mark! oh, Mark! is it you at last?" Georgie sprang forward, her face all lighted up with eager joy and triumph.

But he? He scarcely noticed her—my poor little Georgie; just took her hand mechanically as he peered into the shadows.

"Ida," I exclaimed, sharply, for the child had never stirred, though she saw him well enough.

Then she came forward slowly and reluctantly. I think she was frightened for she hated tragedy with every fibre of her nature, and she had been living in the midst of it for two weeks and now its culmination in bodily shape stood before her. She did not know what to do. The kitten had nothing in her nature to enable her to rise to the level of such a crisis as this. She could neither cast away her suspicions nor avow them boldly to his face. She just stood before him, with eyes half downcast, half averted, but with fear and suspicion and distrust written so legibly on every feature that the young man must have been blind indeed not to read that silent language.

Not a word of welcome, not a question as to where he had been, nothing in that confused, blushing silence which the most easily deluded lover could never have mistaken for the timidity of love and joy. I think Mark was bewildered at first, but as he stood and gazed at her, gradually the meaning of it all grew plain to him, and his expression changed. I saw the pride and calm contempt slowly rise and overflow his face, as it were, as a wave may spread slowly over a low flat when the tide comes in. There was no anger in his look, no resentment. He seemed only like one who wakens slowly from a pleasant dream. And then—then he turned to my Georgie at last, and over his face there came a glow, and a light such as I had never seen there before, as he said, simply:

"But Georgie believed in me."

And she went to him and wept her heart away, in his encircling arm, and I drew Ida softly away and left them. Young Somerby had sense enough to take himself off before. So Georgie had won not much of a prize, after all, to my thinking, but if she was satisfied that was all that was necessary.

Of course I was dying to hear Mark's story, but I had not the heart to intrude upon them then. When he did tell it at last, it seemed more like a crazy dream than a sober, matter-of fact episode of the nineteenth century.

When he got into the carriage with Mrs. D'Arleton, she it seems, began to talk in so brilliant and fascinating manner that he did not notice the direction in which they were driving until they stopped before a large building, which he recognized as the lunatic asylum. Requesting him to wait a few minutes, as she had business inside, she left him. Shortly afterward he was greeted politely by the doctor in charge, who came to the carriage and, addressing him as Mr. D'Arleton, requested him to step out for a minute. Mark disclaimed the name, but for this Dr. Langley was prepared, as Mrs. D'Arleton had told him that her husband was the victim of a strange hallucination, believing himself to be a clerk in the house of Merton & Co., and giving his name as Mark Drayton. Recognizing the trap set for him, Mark, by his own account, knocked down one or two of the men who advanced to seize him, and conducted himself generally so like a lunatic, that there was no room for doubt of Mrs. D'Arleton's story in any mind. Of course he was overpowered at last and taken into the building, catching a glimpse as he passed, of Mrs. D'Arleton in an attitude of bitter but most becoming grief. She had taken the precaution to pay his board in advance for a month, thus securing his detention long enough to allow her time to escape with her booty. As times went on and he became calmer, his entreaties to be confronted with Mr. Merton, which at first had been treated as mere ravings began to make more impression. At last Dr. Langley, accidentally meeting Mr. Merton, mentioned the circumstance, and the result of course was Mark's release.

So there is my story, and if it is not artistically handled, why, I am an old woman, as I told you, and not used to such things. To me the chief interest centered in Georgie, and if I have made her the principal figure, and rather slurred over Mark's adventures, it is partly for that reason, and partly because, beyond the bare outline, we could not get much out of him. He had suffered too much, I suppose, during his incarceration to let his mind dwell upon it willingly. Mrs. D'Arleton was never traced, but whenever we take up a paper and read of a successful swindling operation, we look at each other and wonder, "Was it she?"

Georgie and Mark are very happy, if we may judge by appearances, and I think we may. Ida has outgrown her suspicions, and Mark has forgiven her for them, but the old glamour is gone forever, which is very fortunate for all concerned. And if Ida and young Somerby should come to terms, why I think it will be a very good thing, for there are no heights in the nature of either after which the other must struggle in vain.

So my task is done, and now I can lay down my pen and take my rest by the hearth where we have sat, Georgie and I, so many times, and where we have both dreamed our dreams—I of a darkened past, she of a darkened future. We dream them no more; and if her future is bright, I see beyond and above a future for me which is bright with a brightness that earth can never give.

### A Daughter's Stratagem—a Fact.

Judge Rose lived in Bellville, on the banks of a great river in the West. Every year he went to Washington, and his voice was often heard in the halls of Congress. Yet, though he was called great, he was not good, because he was very fond of drinking wine, brandy, etc., and frequented the gambling rooms so numerous in that city. Those habits gained upon him daily, until they conquered all his moral strength. His townsmen refused to send him as their delegate any longer.

Judge Rose had an amiable wife and three daughters. Mary, the eldest, was his special pet. He thought more of her than of himself, and no wish of hers went ungratified. She was of a sweet disposition, and so obedient and respectful to her parents, and kind to everyone about her, and she was beloved by everybody. And, although her father's dwelling was the most elegant, and they had beautiful grounds, and servants, and horses and carriages, and fine clothes, she never put on airs, as many do, but was modest and retiring.

Mr. Rose and his wife and three daughters were all members of a Christian church. He was often suspended from its fellowship, and on promise of repentance received again. His influential position in society, and the pious conduct of his wife and daughter, caused much pity for them and elicited much patience. They hoped by love and forbearance to restore him wholly. But all the love of his family and of the church could not stop this erring man in his downward course.

At last so low did he fall as to lose all self respect, and frequent the lowest whiskey shops in the town. Daily he went out unshaved, unwashed, ragged, and almost naked, and when drunk would sing some low song which would draw around him a crowd of boys to jeer and laugh, and scorn the once dignified and respected judge. In personal appearance he was now the lowest of the low.

It is not to be supposed that Christians and temperance men allowed such a man to ruin himself without efforts to save him. Earnest and persevering endeavors were put forth, prayers were offered up, and his family left no avenue to his heart unentered. But all were alike useless and hopeless. His wife and daughters wept and prayed, but despaired entirely.

Mary, his pet, often labored to save her father from open disgrace, if not from private sin. She became very sad, and refused to attend church, or go into society. When her father was sober, he had sense enough to perceive the sorrowful change in his once happy Mary, and seemed to regret his course more for her sake than his own.

One morning he started as usual for the drink shop. He was a terrible object, indecent to look at, as well as filthy. His wife tried to hold him back, and get him at least to put on some decent clothing, but he would not yield. Mary made her appearance by his side, clothed in rags, low at the neck, bare-armed, and bonnetless, with an old whiskey bottle in her hand. Taking her father's arm, she said, "Come, father, I'm going too."

"Going where?" said he, staring at her as if horror struck.

"To the dram shop; what is good for you is good for me."

Then she began to flourish her bottle and sing one of the low songs she had heard him sing in the streets.

"Go back, girl, you are crazy; mother, take her in."

"But I am going, father, with you, to ruin my soul and body. It is of no use for me to be good while you are going off to the bad place. You'll be lonely there without your Mary."

"Go away, girl, you'll drive me mad."

"But you have been mad for a long time, and I am going mad too. What do I care! My father is only a poor, old, despised drunkard; his daughter may as well get drunk and lie in the gutter too."

So Mary pulled away at her father's arm, and went on to the gate. He drew back; she still hung on and sang louder. A few boys began to run towards them, and then her father broke from her hold and went into the house; there he sat

down and, putting his face in his hands, wept and sobbed aloud. Still Mary staid out.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Rose.

"Mary is crazy, and I have made her so. I wish I was dead. Do go and get her in; I won't go out to-day."

Mrs. Rose went out and told Mary what her father had said, and then she went in. She sat down with her bottle in her hand, and all the day she kept on her old rags. Mr. Rose was in a terrible state for want of his accustomed stimulus, and frequently would go to the door, but Mary was ready at his side on every occasion. Mrs. Rose prepared the meals with extra care, and gave her husband cups of good strong coffee, and the latter part of the day he lay down to sleep. When he woke up, Mary was still there in her rags, and her bottle by her side.

With much trembling and shaking he put on a good suit of clothes, and asked his wife for a barber. Then after tea he said, "I am going out."

"Where?"

"To the Temperance Hall. Go with me and see it I do not go there."

So Mrs. Rose went with him to the door of the Hall, Mary still saying, "I must follow, for I am afraid he will go to the whiskey shop without me."

But his wife saw him go up the stairs and enter the meeting room, and the door closed upon him. Then she and Mary went home to rejoice with trembling at the success of their stratagem.

Surprise, joy, and some distrust pervaded the minds of the assembly of temperance brothers when Mr. Rose walked in. He was invited forward and asked to speak whatever he wished.

He rose and told the tale of the day, and added: "When I saw how my angel daughter was transformed into a low, filthy creature; when I knew how much lower she would have to descend if she went with me, I abhorred myself. She vowed she would go everywhere I went and do everything I did. Could I see her do that? Her loveliness stained, her character ruined—she pure as an angel! No sir! if it kills me I will leave off and never taste, touch nor handle more from this night, henceforward and forever. And now, gentlemen, help me to be a man again."

The building vibrated with the cheering, stamping, and clapping, and a gush of song rose from those many hearts which might have been heard for miles. Oh! "there is a joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," and should there not be joy on earth?

We hope God converted the soul of Mr. Rose, for he became a good man, and his family were very happy. But we hope no other daughter will have to resort to so painful a remedy to save a father.

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The Oil City Chief of Police made the following entry in his register recently: "Ike Sloan, the prisoner, knocked me down, blackened my right eye, called me an ass, a saur-kraut, a bull head, and an idiot—all of which I certify to be true."

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How many persons knew that Leontjiew, the enterprising Russian journalist, was dead, or that he used to publish the "Sjewernaja Pisch'eta?"

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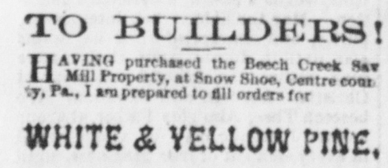

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PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD—PHILADELPHIA & ERIE R. R. DIVISION,

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, APRIL 22, 1876, the Trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ERIE EXPRESS leaves New York | | | 9 25 a. m |
| " " | " | Philadelphia | 12. 55 p. m |
| " " | " | Baltimore | 1. 2 p. m |
| " " | " | Harrisb'g | 5.00 p. m |
| " " | arr. at | Williamsp't | 8.35 p. m |
| " " | " | Lock Haven | 10.20 p. m |
| " " | " | Erie | 10.05 a. m |
| ERIE MAIL leaves New York | | | 8.25 p. m |
| " " | " | Philadelphia | 11.55 p. m |
| " " | " | Baltimore | 2.10 p. m |
| " " | " | Harrisburg | 4.25 a. m |
| " " | " | Williamsport | 8.32 a. m |
| " " | " | Lock Haven | 9.40a. m |
| " " | " | Renovo | 10.55 a. m |
| " " | arr. at | Erie | 7.50 p. m |
| NIAGARA EX. leaves Philada | | | 7.20 a. m |
| " " | " | Baltimore | 7.20 a. m |
| " " | " | Harrisb'g | 10.45 a. m |
| " " | arr. at | Williamsp't | 1.50 p. m |
| " " | " | Lock Haven | 3.15 p. m |
| " " | " | Renovo | 4.15 p. m |
| " " | " | Kane | 8.45 p. m |
| " " | " | Buffalo | |
| LOCK HAVEN ACCOM. leaves Phila | | | 8.00 a. m |
| " " | " | Baltimore | 8.30 a. m |
| " " | " | Harrisburg | 1.25 p. m |
| " " | arr. at | Williamsport | 6.10 p. m |
| " " | " | Lock Haven | 7.30 p. m |
| SUNDAY EX. leaves New York | | | 8.25 p. m |
| " " | " | Philadelphia | 11.55 p. m |
| " " | " | Baltimore | 2.10 p. m |
| " " | " | Harrisburg | 4.10 a. m |
| " " | arr. at | Will'sp't | 7.40 a. m |

EASTWARD.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| PHILA. EXPRESS leaves Erie | | | 7.00 p. m |
| " " | " | Lock Haven | 6.30 a. m |
| " " | " | Williamsp't | 7.55 a. m |
| " " | arr. at | Harrisb'g | 11.40 a. m |
| " " | " | Baltimore | 6.25 p m |
| " " | " | Philadelphia | 8.20 p. m |
| " " | " | New York | 7.45 p. m |
| DAY EXPRESS leaves Kane | | | 6.00 a m |
| " " | " | Renovo | 10.10 a. m |
| " " | " | Lock Haven | 11.20 a m |
| " " | " | Williamsport | 12.40 p m |
| " " | arr at | Harrisburg | 4.10 p m |
| " " | " | Philadelphia | 7.20 p m |
| " " | " | New York | 10.15 p. m |
| " " | " | Baltimore | 6.35 p. m |
| " " | " | Washington | 9.02 p. m |
| ERIE MAIL leaves Erie | | | 11.20 a. m |
| " " | " | Renovo | 8.55 p. m |
| " " | " | Lock Haven | 10.05 p. m |
| " " | " | Williamsp't | 11.15 p. m |
| " " | arr. at | Harrisburg | 2.45 a. m |
| " " | " | Baltimore | 7.35 a. m |
| " " | " | Phila | 7.00 a. m |
| " " | " | New York | 10.40 a. m |
| FAST LINE leaves Williamsport | | | 12.35 a m |
| " " | arr at | Harrisburg | 3.57 a m |
| " " | " | Baltimore | 7.35 a m |
| " " | " | Philadelphia | 7.55 a m |
| " " | " | New York | 10.25 a m |
| SUNDAY EX. leaves Williamsport | | | 8.15 a m |
| " " | arr. at | Harrisburgh | 11.40 a m |
| " " | " | Philadelphia | 3.30 p. m |
| " " | " | New York | 6.45 p. m |
| " " | " | Baltimore | 7.35 p. m |

Erie Mail west, Niagara Express West, Lock Haven Accom. west and Day Express east make close connection at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West Erie Express West, and Lock Haven Accommodation West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail east and west connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R., at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R., at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

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4-16 1y

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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

EDWARD T. TUTEN, EDITOR.

Terms: $2.00 Per Annum in Advance

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## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

### The Rebel Prison Pens.

MR. EDITOR: While your correspondent from Mount Eagle is of the opinion that the continuous writing on the dark side only of life in rebel prisons renders the subject disgusting, and cites as the more pleasant method of reviewing the past the study of the "noble sentiments" uttered by General Beaver at a recent re-union of the veterans of the Union ranks, we would say that although the utterance of those noble sentiments did for the moment elicit a hearty answer from the majority of the Union soldiers, yet when we remember that whilst thousands of men—as noble and as brave as ever donned a uniform—gave one leg, some two, and others their entire bodies with their lives, as a sacrifice that unalloyed peace might be restored to our distracted country, and while those whose lives were spared them to return home have been quietly and peacefully pursuing the even tenor of their way without intruding the story of their sufferings on the public, yet the peace sought has not been secured. The question arises, Why? We would ask your Mt. Eagle correspondent if he ever heard any but the kindest expressions of forgiveness from the suffering prisoners until those who ought not to have done so added insult to injury by indirectly charging them with falsehood? And we would also ask him what manner of men he takes us to be if he thinks we will sit quietly and not deny the imputation,—not by vehemently denouncing our foes but by quietly relating our experience, leaving a candid public to draw its own conclusion. He says he was taken prisoner, was treated kindly, and had plenty to eat. While not disputing the above, we must confess we shall be disappointed if he fails to tell us what regiment and company he belonged to, when and where he was captured, the length and time of his confinement—for he is the first prisoner I have heard assert he had plenty to eat during his incarceration. Awaiting the above information I will continue.

After being in Danville about two weeks we were again subjected to that peculiar discipline—being searched; but as the search was not very rigorous, and the Yankees had learned to smuggle by former experience, the amount realized did not pay for the trouble.

Recognizing that, according to the rules of civilized warfare, it was right for us to escape from our captors, and knowing that we were only one hundred miles from our lines in East Tennessee, it was agreed among ourselves that we would make the attempt. Knowing that while all could not finally escape—hoping that a goodly portion would—accordingly a plan was agreed upon; but by some means the rebels became acquainted with our scheme in time to prevent its consummation. We therefore failed in our effort; not, however, until several of our number were seriously wounded, and were caught by the rebels in the lower room, bucked and severely gagged for three or four hours, and when released were so exhausted from loss of blood from their wounds, and the treatment, that one of them fainted away, and was several hours recovering consciousness—all because they had attempted to escape.

Next morning the authorities demanded to know who were the leaders of the attempted break, stating that none of us should receive a particle of food until the information was forthcoming. Some one told that afternoon and we then received our food, after the leaders were taken from the building. Next morning before daybreak we were taken out of the building, marched to the depot, and six hundred men loaded in seven stock cars, doors locked, and at day-break the cars left Danville for some point further south. The car I was in contained ninety-one men. You may know that the surging of the cars was anything but pleasant, especially when packed as close as we were. During the day a number of those who were along the edges of the car, with nails or whatever they could get, scratched the boards of the car about in two, preparing to escape if we traveled any after night. In this, however, they were disappointed, for near nightfall they stopped at Greensboro', N. C., took us from the cars and placed us in a field outside of town, giving us no fire whatever, and being the night of the 18th of October, was very cold. There was a very heavy frost in the morning, when we were reloaded in the cars, and arrived at Salisbury, N. C., about 3 P. M. on the 19th of October. We were placed in the stockade, and that same afternoon quite a number of commissioned officers, who had been kept there, were taken out and sent elsewhere.

The ground occupied by the prison was of a triangular shape, one side of which was about 700 feet in length, the other two sides about 510 feet each. The fence around it was built of posts and rails with boards about ten feet high, nailed closely together on the inside. About five feet from the fence on the inside was the immortal dead line, which was originally a ditch about two feet deep and two wide, but afterward dug some two feet deeper and two feet wider, and throwing the excavations on the inside of the line next the camp. About 150 feet of the dead line on the lower side of the camp was used as a cess-pool for the entire camp. There were only two entrances to the camp—a small gate on the side next town, and a large double gate through which the dead wagon was admitted. All around the fence on the outside was an elevated platform, on which the guards to the number of fifty-four (exclusive of artillerymen) were posted. At each of the two ends of the angles was stationed a piece of artillery, and about midway on the long side of the camp, on an elevated platform, was another bearing on the camp. At different places through the camp guards to the number of fifteen were posted, so you will see that the aggregate number of guards on duty during the day was over two hundred men, and three pieces of artillery manned at all times ready for action.

Inside the enclosure was one large and seven small brick houses, two or three small old log cabins, and one frame building. The large brick had been a cotton factory, but was now used for a hospital; the engine room was used as a cook-house and bakery; one of the small brick buildings was also used as a bakery; the large frame and five of the small brick houses were used as hospitals; the other brick was used as a dead house, to which each morning was carried all the dead from the hospitals, and those who died at their quarters.

At various points through the camp wells were dug to the number of ten or twelve. Owing to the nature of the clay it was not necessary to wall them up. Around the mouth of the well a frame of square timber was placed to keep the boys from sliding in. No pump or well bucket of any kind was placed in the well by which to draw the water. Those of us who had boots could take the tops off, cut them into a string, get a tin cup with some kind of a bale to it; and that was the way we drew the water from the wells, which was continually muddy from the constant dripping, and very often entirely dry.

About the first of November, 1864 was the time the largest number of prisoners was there—then numbering about 11,000 men. They were organized into squads of 100, from eight to twelve squads in a division, and there were eleven divisions in the camp. Each squad was in charge of a sergeant—one of our own men—who kept a roll which was called over each evening, and only those who answered to their names received any rations on the succeeding day. You would have been surprised, however, to see how slowly the names of the dead were stricken from the different rolls. The men would personate and very frequently the most energetic were drawing rations in two or three squads, to which fact I attribute the saving of many lives that would otherwise have perished for want of sufficient food.

—We copy the following from the Philipsburg *Journal*:

On Wednesday last a young man by the name of Benner stole $20.75 from his father, at Sterling Mines, Clearfield county, and came to our borough and got on a "tifter." The father followed him on Thursday and had him arrested at Passmore's Hotel, corner of Pine and South Centre streets. He was taken before Squire McCutcheon and a search made, but only $5.35 were found on his person. Squire McCutcheon could not give him a hearing here, and he was taken to Houtzdale on the afternoon train, where he will have to answer the charge.

## Our Associated Press Letter

### THE GREAT EXPOSITION.

**FORMAL OPENING EXERCISES.**

**A Pageant of Inconceivable Grandeur—The Mighty Multitude Gathered in the Park—The Hearts of the People Beating Time to Inspiring Strains—The Patriotic Pulse Throbbing High with Joy and Pride and Exultation—The Sublime Impressiveness of the Spectacle, etc.**

PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 1876.

The seed of human liberty, planted within this virgin soil one hundred years ago, watered with the rich blood of patriots, and ripened by the sunshine of Divine favor, has grown to be a mighty tree, beneath whose spreading branches the people of the earth were gathered on this bright May morning.

They came with anthems breathing the spirit of peace on earth and good will among men. They came with songs of praise and jubilee, that hallowed the grandeur of the feast, and overtopped its mere external glories—its noble architecture, its floating banners, and its vistas of unequalled splendor. Above the temples made by human hands there rose, as from a shrine, the spirit of devotion. It was a service the centuries have never witnessed; a time too solemn and imposing to be a mere occasion of hilarity; and none who stood in that vast concourse before Memorial Hall this morning could fail to be impressed with this high spirit of the scene.

Another thought was suggested by the magnificent spectacle of this morning—that we who stand in the glow and whirl of this occasion, are not the ones to fully grasp its greatness. We stand too close beside its dazzling splendors. We know that it symbolizes the success of free government. We know that it bears witness to the achievements of a century's civilization. We know that we have spread the board, and that Divine Providence has so blessed it with rare fruits, that all the nations of the earth—some of them older than history itself—have come to partake and be our guests.

But the full significance of this achievement we cannot know. Six months from now the gorgeous fabric of these Centennial edifices will have faded away. The lights will have fled, and the banquet hall will be deserted. And yet these structures, fashioned of wood and iron, to stand but for a season, in the providence of God, may endure, in their results, when the Pyramids shall have crumbled to the plains. They knit us together more than Congresses have done; for Congresses are but the representatives of the people,—not always that—but here the people themselves have come together to clasp hands, and let us hope "to form a more perfect union."

But though we may not fully grasp the grand expanse of this celebration, the children of to-day—the little boys and girls just big enough to wave toy flags—will gather the fruits in after years, when we are mingled with the dust. As we sow, they shall reap. Let us see to it that we sow wisely, and in the temper of those brave, God-fearing men who gave us this Republic as a heritage.

AT THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT.

Daybreak was saluted with the ringing of bells in the steeples and manufactories, the banging of cannon and miniature fire-arms, and at an early hour the members of the militia were on the way to their respective armories fully equipped for the parade. It appeared by common consent that business was to be temporarily abandoned, and the request contained in the Mayor's proclamation was generally observed. By 7 o'clock the town was wide awake, and the principal thoroughfares were already in possession of the throng. The horse car companies, with their usual business tact, crowded all the cars down town, and the hundreds of transfer coaches, coupes, barouches and omnibuses were stationed at prominent corners.

THE MILITARY.

The first attraction was, of course, the formation of the military, and as it had been previously announced that the division would escort President Grant, Governor Rice, of Massachusetts, Governor Hartranft and other distinguished visitors from their quarters, the crowd along the sidewalks resolved itself into a jam. The line began to form about 7.30 o'clock, the right resting on Locust street and facing west. The order issued by Gen. Bankson was observed to the letter.

The line moved off with creditable punctuality, all things considered, the muddy and slippery condition of the streets interfering materially with the marching. The parade moved out Locust street, the troops being in the following order:

Troop, Black Hussars, Captain I. Kleinz.

Washington Troop (of Chester county), Capt. Matlack.

Keystone Battery, Capt. Pouiterer.

Second Brigade, Brig.-Gen. Thayer, right resting on Spruce street.

United States Marines.

Third Regiment N. G. of Pennsylvania, Col. Ballier.

Sixth Regiment N. G. of Pennsylvania, Col. Maxwell.

State Fencibles, Capt. Ryan.

Gray Invincibles, Capt. Jones, escorting the De Laney Guards, of West Chester, Capt Hood.

First Brigade, Col. R Dale Benson commanding, right resting on South street.

Second Regiment, N. G. of Pennsylvania, Col. Peter Lyle.

First Regiment, N. G. of Pennsylvania, Lieut. Colonel J. Ross Clark.

Eleventh Regiment, Tenth Division, N. G. of Pennsylvania, Colonel F. A Tencate.

Company F, Fourth Regiment, N. G. of Pennsylvania, Captain Stetger.

Weccacoe Legion, Captain Denny.

Washington Grays, Lieutenant Lazarus.

Cadets of Pennsylvania Military Academy, Chester, Lieutenant Barnett, Fifth U. S. Artillery commanding.

At Twenty-second and Walnut, in front of George W. Childs' house, the First Brigade halted, admitting the City Troop, escorting the President of the United States, Secretary Fish, Governor Rice, of Massachusetts, and others, who were escorted by the Boston Cadets. The line then moved over the following course: Twenty-second to Chestnut, to Thirty-second, to Market, to Lancaster avenue, to Fortieth, and entered the Exhibition grounds by the Landsdowne entrance.

IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

City Councils at their meeting on Thursday last adopted a resolution calling a special meeting for this morning at 8 o'clock to take fitting notice of the great event, and the Centennial committee were directed to prepare a minute to be entered upon the municipal record. At half past seven o'clock this morning the committee met and quickly passed resolutions presented by the chairman, Mr. Shoemaker. These were adopted by the chambers immediately after they had been called to order, and then, accompanied by numerous other officials and invited guests, members of councils took carriages which were in waiting to convey them to the grounds.

THE STREETS.

The multitude was anxious to obtain favorable positions where they might witness the exercises, and, accordingly, began to move westward long before the hour announced for the opening of the gates. The horse cars filled gradually, until standing room could no longer be had; the transfer coaches and carriages poured over the bridges of the Schuylkill in one long stream, while the overladen steam trains left their depots in quick succession.

The number of people in the streets by 9 o'clock this morning could not even be approximately estimated. Every family in town was undoubtedly represented. The hotel registers fattened to immense proportions during yesterday and last night, and this morning the visitors turned out with our own inhabitants in the wonderful pageant. The incoming trains of the morning brought people from fifty miles around, some merely for the day, and others to witness the gorgeous spectacle of to-night.

OPENING THE GATES.

Upon the gates of the Exhibition being opened the throng poured in like a torrent, and those who had been favored with invitations sought out the sections on the platform assigned for their accommodation. The invited guests entered the Main Building from the carriage concourse at the eastern end and by the southern middle entrance on Elm avenue and passed through the Main Building, making their exit through the northern entrance of the building, to the platform, which at 10 o'clock was pretty well filled.

Previous to the arrival of the Presidential party, Theodore Thomas' orchestra of 150 performers enlivened the suspense—which in its eagerness was almost painful—by performing with inspiring effect the various national airs. Wagner's Grand March, written expressly for the occasion, followed, occupying about half an hour, and at its conclusion Rev. Bishop Simpson arose and offered prayer.

NATIONAL AIRS.

1. The Washington March.
2. Argentine Republic (Marche de la Republica.)
3. Austria. Gotterhalte Franz den Kaiser.
4. Belgium. La Brabanconne.
5. Brazil. Hymno Brasileira Nacional.
6. Denmark. Volkslied—den tappre Landsoldet.
7. France. La Marseillaise.
8. Germany. Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland.
9. Great Britain. God Save the Queen.
10. Italy. Marcia del Re.
11. Netherlands. Wie neerlandsch bloed.
12. Norway. National Hymn.
13. Russia. National Hymn.
14. Spain. Riego's Spanish National Hymn.
15. Sweden. Volksongen (Bevare Gud Var Kung).
16. Switzerland. Heil der Helvetia.
17. Turkey. March.
18. Hail Columbia.

PRAYER BY RIGHT REV. BISHOP SIMPSON.

Almighty and everlasting God, our Heavenly Father. Heaven is thy throne and the earth is Thy footstool. Before Thy majesty and holiness the angels veil their faces, and the spirits of the just made perfect bow in humble adoration. Thou art the creator of all things, the preserver of all that exist, whether they be thrones or dominions or principalities or powers. The minute and the vast, atoms and worlds, alike attest the ubiquity of Thy presence and the omnipotence of Thy sway.

Thou alone art the sovereign ruler of nations. Thou raiseth up one and castest down another, and Thou givest the kingdoms of the world to whomsoever Thou will. The past with all its records is the unfolding of Thy counsels and the realization of Thy grand designs. We hail Thee as our rightful ruler, the king eternal, immortal and invisible, the only true God, blessed forever more.

We come on this glad day, O Thou God of our fathers, into these courts with thanksgiving, and into these gates with praise. We bless Thee for Thy wonderful goodness in the past, for the land which Thou gavest to our fathers, a land veiled from the ages, from the ancient world, but revealed in the fullness of time to Thy chosen people, whom Thou didst lead by Thine own right hand through the billows of the deep, a land of vast extent, of towering mountains and broad plains, of unnumbered products and of untold treasures.

We thank Thee for the fathers of our country, men of mind and of might, who endured privations and sacrifices, who braved multiplied dangers rather than defile their consciences, or be untrue to their God, men who laid on the broad foundations of truth and justice the grand structure of civil freedom.

We praise Thee for the closing century, for the founders of the Republic, for the immortal Washington and his grand associates; for the wisdom with which they planned, and the firmness and heroism which, under Thy blessing, led them to triumphant success. Thou wast their shield in hours of danger, their pillar of cloud by day and their pillar of fire by night. May we, their sons, walk in their footsteps and imitate their virtues.

We thank Thee for social and national prosperity and progress, for valuable discoveries and multiplied inventions, for labor-saving machinery relieving the toiling masses, for schools, free as the morning light for the millions of the rising generation, for books and periodicals scattered like leaves of autumn over the land, for art and science, for freedom to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, for a church unfettered by the trammels of State.

Bless, we pray Thee, the President of the United States and his constitutional advisers, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Senators and Representatives in Congress, the Governors of our several commonwealths, the officers of the Army and the Navy, and all who are in official position throughout our land. Guide them, we pray Thee, with counsels of wisdom, and may they ever rule in righteousness. We ask Thy blessing to rest upon the president and members of the Centennial Commission, and upon those associated with them in the various departments, who have labored long and earnestly, amidst anxieties and difficulties, for the success of this enterprise.

May Thy special blessing, O thou God of all the nations of the earth, rest upon our national guests, our visitors from distant lands. We welcome them to our shores, and we rejoice in their presence among us, whether they represent thrones, or culture, or research, or whether they come to exhibit the triumphs of genius and art, in the development of industry and in the progress of civilization. Preserve Thou them, we beseech Thee, in health and safety, and in due time may they be welcomed by loved ones again to their own, their native land.

Let Thy blessing rest richly on this Centennial Celebration. May the lives and health of all interested be precious in Thy sight. Preside in its assemblies. Grant that this association in effort may bind more closely together every part of our great Republic, so that our Union may be perpetual and indissoluble. Let its influence draw the nations of earth into a happier unity. Hereafter, we pray Thee, may all disputed questions be settled by arbitration, and not by the sword, and may wars forever cease among the sons of men.

May the new century be better than the past. More radiant with the light of true philosophy, warmer with the emanations of a world-wide sympathy. May capital, genius, and labor be freed from all antagonism by the establishment and application of such principles of justice and equity as shall reconcile diversified interests and bind in imperishable bands all parts of society.

We pray Thy benediction especially on the women of America, who for the first time in the history of our race take so conspicuous a part in a national celebration. May the light of their intelligence, purity, and enterprise shed its beams afar, until in distant lands their sisters may realize the beauty and glory of Christian freedom and elevation. We beseech Thee, Almighty Father, that our beloved Republic may be strengthened in every element of true greatness, until her mission is accomplished by presenting to the world an illustration of the happiness of a free people, with a free church, in a free state, under laws of their own enactment, and under rules of their own selection, acknowledging supreme allegiance only to the King of Kings and Lord of lords.

And as Thou didst give to one of its illustrious sons first to draw experimentally the electric spark from heaven, which has since girdled the globe in its celestial whispers of "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men," so to latest time may the mission of America, under Divine inspiration, be [one of affection, brotherhood and love for all our race. And may the coming centuries be filled with the glory of our Christian civilization.

And unto Thee, our Father, through Him whose life is the light of men, will we ascribe glory and praise, now and forever. Amen.

After the last fervent words of the eminent divine's supplication had trembled on the air, the hush of awe that held the multitude perfectly still was succeeded by the singing of Whittier's hymn, in which one thousand male and female voices, aided by grand instrumental effects, harmoniously blended, indescribably touching in its natural, simple melody. The words were as follows:

WHITTIER'S CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Our fathers' God, from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee!
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust thee for the opening one.

Here where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought or sold!

O! make Thou us, through centuries long
In peace secure, in justice strong:
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguard of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

Mr. John Welsh, president of the board of finance, then formally transferred the buildings to the Commission.

MR. JOHN WELSH'S ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL COMMISSION: In the presence of the Government of the United States, and of the several distinguished bodies by whom we are surrounded, and in behalf of the Centennial Board of Finance, I greet you.

In readiness to the appointed time, I have the honor to announce to you that, under supervision and in accordance with the plans fixed and established by you, we have erected the buildings belonging to us, and have made all the arrangements devolving on us necessary for the opening of the International Exhibition. We hereby now formally appropriate them for their intended occupation; and we hold ourselves ready to make all further arrangements that may be needed for carrying into full and complete effect all the requirments of the acts of Congress relating to the Exhibition.

For a like purpose we also appropriate the buildings belonging to the State of Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia, erected by us at their bidding, to wit: Memorial Hall, Machinery Hall and Horticultural Hall. These and other substantial offerings stand as the evidence of their patriotic co-operation. To the United States of America, through Congress, we are indebted for the aid which crowned our success.

In addition to those to which I have just referred, there are other beautiful and convenient edifices, which have been erected by the representatives of foreign nations, by State authority and by individuals, which are also devoted to the purposes of the Exhibition.

Ladies and gentlemen: If in the past we have met with disappointments, difficulties and trials, they have been overcome by a consciousness that no sacrifice can be too great which is made to honor the memories of those who brought our nation into being. This commemoration of the events of 1776 excites our present gratitude. The assemblage here to-day of so many foreign representatives, uniting with us in this reverential tribute, is our reward.

We congratulate you on the occurrence of this day. Many of the nations have gathered here in peaceful competition. Each may profit by the association. This Exhibition is but a school; the more thoroughly its lessons are learned, the greater will be the gain, and, when it shall have closed, if by that study the nations engaged in it shall have learned respect for each other, then it may be hoped that veneration for Him who rules on high will become universal, and the angels' song once more be heard—

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace, good-will towards men."

Sidney Lanier's cantata was next sung; solo by Myron W. Whitney, of Boston.

CANTATA.

From this hundred-terraced height
Sight more large with nobler light
Ranges down yon towering years:
Humbler smiles and lordlier tears,
Shine and fall, shine and fall,
While old voices rise and call
Yonder where the to-and-fro
Weltering of my Long-Ago
Moves about the move ess base
Far below my resting place,

Mayflower, Mayflower, slowly hither flying,
Trembling Westward o'er yon balking sea,
Hearts within Farewell, dear England, sighing,
Winds within but dear in vain replying.
Gray-lipp'd waves about thee shouted, crying—
No! it shall not be!

Jamestown, out of thee—
Plymouth, thee—thee, Albany—
Winter cries, Ye freeze: away!
Fever cries, Ye burn: away!
Hunger cries, Ye starve: away!
Vengeance cries, Your graves shall stay!

Then old Shapes and Masks of Things,
Framed like Faiths and clothed like Kings—
Ghosts of Goods once fleshed and fair,
Grown foul Bads in alien air—
War, and his most noisy lords,
Tongued with lithe and poisoned swords—

Error, Terror, Rage, and Crime,
All in a windy night of time
Cried to me from land and sea,
No! thou shalt not be!

Hark!
Huguenots whispering yell in the dark,
Puritans answering yea in the dark!
Yea, like an arrow shot true to his mark,
Darts through the tyrannous heart of denial,
Patience and Labor and solemn-souled Trial,
Foiled, still beginning,
Soiled, but not sinning,
Toil through the stertorious death of the Night,
Toil, when wild brother-wars new dark the Light,
Toil, and forgive, and kiss o'er, and replight.

Now praise to God's oft-granted grace,
Now praise to Man's undaunted face,
Despite the land, despite the sea,
I was: I am: and I shall be—
How long, Good Angel, O how long?
Sing me from heaven a man's own song!

"Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!"

O Music, from this height of time my word unfold:
In thy large signals all men's hearts Man's Heart behold:
Mid heaven unroll thy chords as friendly flags unfurled,
And wave the world's best lover's welcome to the world.

When the last strains of the music had died away, ex-Gov. Hawley, as president of the United States Centennial Commission, formally presented the Exhibition to the President of the United States. He said:

MR. JOSEPH R. HAWLEY'S ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT: Five years ago the President of the United States declared it fitting that "the completion of the first century of our national existance should be commemorated by an exhibition of the natural resources of the country and their development, and of its progress in those arts which benefit mankind," and ordered that an exhibition of American and foreign arts, products and manufactures should be held, under the auspices of the Government of the United States, in the city of Philadelphia, the year eighteen hundred and seventy-six.

To put into effect the several laws relating to the Exhibition, the United States Centennial commission was constituted, composed of two Commissioners from each State and Territory, nominated by their respective Governors, and appointed by the President. The Congress also created our auxiliary and associate corporation, the Centennial Board of Finance, whose unexpectedly heavy burdens have been nobly borne. A remarkable and prolonged disturbance of the finances and industries of the country has greatly magnified the task, but we hope for a favorable judgment of the degree of success attained.

July 4, 1873, this ground was dedicated to its present uses. Twenty-one months ago this Memorial Hall was begun. All the other one hundred and eighty buildings within the enclosure have been erected within twelve months. All the buildings embraced in the plans of the commission itself are finished. The demands of applicants exceeded the space, and strenuous and continuous efforts have been made to get every exhibit ready in time.

By general consent the Exhibition is appropriately held in the city of Brotherly Love. Yonder, almost within your view, stands the venerated edifice wherein occurred the event this work is designed to commemorate, and the hall in which the first Centennial Congress assembled. Within the present limits of this great park, were the homes of eminent patriots of that era, where Washington and his associates received generous hospitality and able counsel. You have observed the surpassing beauty of the situation placed at our disposal. In the harmony with all this fitness is the liberal support given the enterprise by the State, the city and the people, individually.

In the name of the United States, you extend a respectful and cordial invitation to the governments of other nations to be represented and to participate in this exhibition. You know the very acceptable terms in which they responded, from even the most distant regions. Their commissioners are here, and you will soon see with what energy and brilliancy they have entered upon this friendly competition in the arts of peace.

It has been the fervent hope of the Commission that, during this festival year, the people from all States and sections, of all creeds and churches, all parties and classes, burying all resentments, would come up together to this birthplace of our liberties to study the evidence of our resources, to measure the progress of an hundred years, and to examine to our profit the wonderful products of other lands: but especially to join hands in perfect fraternity and and promise the God of our fathers that the new century shall surpass the old in the true glories of civilization.

And, furthermore, that from the association here of welcome visitors from all nations, there may result not alone great benefits to invention, manufactures, agriculture, trade and commerce, but also stronger international friendship and more lasting peace.

Thus reporting to you, Mr. President, under the laws of the Government and the usage of similar occasions, in the name of the United States Centennial Commission, I present to your view the International Exhibition of 1876.

The President replied by saying:

PRESIDENT GRANT'S ADDRESS.

MY COUNTRYMEN: It has been thought appropriate, upon this Centennial occasion, to bring together in Philadelphia, for popular inspection, specimens of our attainments in the industrial and fine arts, and in literature, science and philosophy, as well as in the great business of agriculture and of commerce.

That we may the more thoroughly appreciate the excellencies and deficiencies of our achievments, and also give emphatic expression to our earnest desire to cultivate the friendship of our fellow members of this great family of nations, the enlightened agricultural, commercial and manufacturing people of the world have been invited to send hither corresponding specimens of their skill, to exhibit on equal terms, in friendly competition with our own. To this invitation they have generously responded; for so doing we render them our hearty thanks.

The beauty and utility of the contributions will this day be submitted to your inspection by the managers of this Exhibition. We are glad to know that a view of specimens of the skill of all nations will afford to you unalloyed pleasure, as well as yield to you a valuable practical knowledge of so many of the remarkable results of the wonderful skill existing in enlightened communities.

One hundred years ago our country was new and but partially settled. Our necessities have compelled us to chiefly expend our means and time in felling forests, subduing prairies, building dwellings, factories, shops, docks, warehouses, roads, canals, machinery, etc. Most of our schools, churches, libraries and asylums have been established within a hundred years.

Burthened by these great primal works of necessity, which could not be delayed, we yet have done what this Exhibition will show in the way of rivaling older and more advanced nations in law, medicine and theology; in science, literature, philosophy and the fine arts. Whilst proud of what we have done, we regret that we have not done more. Our achievments have been great enough, however, to make it easy for our people to acknowledge superior merit wherever found.

And now, fellow-citizens, I hope a careful examination of what is about to be exhibited to you will not only inspire you with a profound respect for the skill and taste of our friends from other nations, but also satisfy you with the attainments made by our own people during the past one hundred years. I invoke your generous cooperation with the worthy Commissioners to secure a brilliant success to this International Exhibition, and to make the stay of our foreign visitors—to whom we extend a hearty welcome—both profitable and pleasant to them.

I declare the Internation Exhibition now open.

The scene which ensued at the close of the President's address cannot be adequately depicted. As he declared the Exhibition open, a beautiful flag on a staff near by was unfurled, which was the signal for the uproar. There was a general raising of flags on all the buildings. The choir sang with its might the hallelujah chorus, as if trying to overcome the noise made by the artillery, while the various bells and chimes within the grounds joined in the peal of jubilee.

A general break followed. The President and invited guests passed down from the platform through the main building and into the Machinery Hall. On the way the President was saluted by his military escort. As many as could enter the Machinery Hall did so, and at a formal signal from the President, the great wheel revolved and the engine which is to drive a mile of machinery was in motion.

J. W. F.

—The huge, drastic, gripping, sickening pills, constructed of crude, coarse and bulky ingredients, are fast being superceded by Dr. Pierce's pleasant purgative pellets, or sugar-coated, concentrated root and herbal juice, anti-bilious granules—the little giant cathartic or multum in parvo physic. Modern chemical science enables Dr. Pierce to extract from the juices of the most valuable roots and herbs their active medical principles, which, when worked into little pellets or granules, scarcely larger than mustard seed, renders each little pellet as active and powerful as a large pill, while they are much more palitable and pleasant in effect.

Dr. Ira A. Thayer, of Baconsburg, Ohio, writes: "I regard your pellets as the best remedy for conditions for which you prescribe them or anything I have ever used, so mild and certain in effect, and leaving the bowles in an excellent condition. It seems to me they must take the place of all other cathartic pills and medicines."

Lyon & Macomber, druggists, Vermillion, D. T., says: "We think they are going to sell like hot cakes, as soon as people get acquainted with them, and will spoil the pill trade, as those that have used them like them much better than large pills."

### Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, May 17, 1876.

The trade of the past week has not reached the average, owing to the engagements of farmers in planting their spring crops.

WHEAT—We have no change to note.

RYE AND OATS—These grains are inactive.

CORN—The inquiry for corn is very limited, but the offerings are liberal. Farmers are disposed to sell at 50 cents, but the market will not afford that figure now. The mills are well supplied which are paying 40 cents, and don't seem to care much about buying at that.

HAY—Hay is plenty. The best can now be bought at $15 per ton. The prospect for a large crop is very flattering, the continued showers having stimulated the crop to grow, which will hardly be checked by any contingency that may arise.

POTATOES—Potatoes are about as flat in price as they can get. Prices are entirely in the control of buyers, and it is useless to bring any quantity to town to sell on the streets, as the consumption is very much less than the quantity offered. Prices are so low that we are unable to make a definite quotation.

QUOTATIONS.

| | |
|---|---|
| White Wheat per bushel | $1 25@1 30 |
| Red wheat | 1 25 |
| Rye per bushel | 75 |
| Corn, ear | 40 |
| Corn, shelled | 40@45 |
| Oats | 30@35 |
| Flour, retail per barrel | 7 00 |
| Flour, wholesale | 6 00 |
| **HAY AND STRAW.** | |
| Hay choice timothy per ton | $20 00 |
| Hay Mixed per ton | 15 00@18 00 |
| Long rye straw, bundled per ton | 10 00 |
| Short straw per ton | 6 00@8 00 |
| Clover seed | 9 00 |
| **PLASTER.** | |
| Cayuga, ground, per ton | 9 50 |
| Nova Scotia, ground, per ton | 11 50 |

### Provision Market.

Corrected Weekly by S. A. Brew & Son.

| | |
|---|---|
| Apples, dried, per pound | 12 |
| Apples, per bush | 125 |
| Cherries, dried, per pound | 10 |
| Beans per quart | 10 |
| Fresh Butter per pound | 30 |
| Chickens, per piece | 25 |
| Turkeys, per pound | 10 |
| Cheese, per pound | 20 |
| Hams, per pound | 18 |
| Bacon | 12 & 14 |
| Lard, per pound | 15 |
| Eggs, per doz | 15 |
| Tallow, per pound | 7 |
| Potatoes, per bush | 20 |
| Dried Beef | 25 |
| Cod Fish, boneless | 12 |
| Canned Tomatoes, per can | 15 |
| Oranges, per doz | 40 |
| Lemons, per doz | 40 |

*New Advertisements.*

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned, on the estate of Abraham Switzer, late of Bellefonte, deceased, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

8-29-6t JAMES H. RANKIN, Bellefonte, Pa.

## ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

Pursuant to an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, the undersigned, a Trustee appointed by said Court to take charge of the estate and property assigned by Ira C. Johnson for the benefit of his creditors, will expose to public sale upon the premises, in the village of Jacksonville, Centre county, Pa., on

## TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1876,

at 1 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, viz:

1. A tract or lot of land fronting on Main street, and adjoining lands of Enos Etley and others, containing half an acre, more or less, thereon erected a double frame dwelling house, carriage and smith shops, stable and other outbuildings.

2. A lot of land adjoining lot of the Reformed church and lands of the estate of Jacob Hoy, deceased, containing one-fourth of an acre, more or less.

The sale of the first mentioned lot will be subject to certain liens and charges which will be fully set forth at the time of sale.

TERMS OF SALE—One-half cash upon confirmation of sale, and the balance in six months thereafter, the deferred payment to bear interest and to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. A reasonable deposit will be required when the property is knocked down.

A rare opportunity of securing a fine property upon easy terms is here offered.

8-19-3t D. Z. KLINE, Trustee.

AGENTS wanted for **THE CENTENNIAL BOOK OF BIOGRAPHY** or the lives of the great men of our first 100 years. Send for circulars. P. W. ZEIGLER & CO., 519 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa. 8-19-4t

**MOODY'S** Sermons and prayer meeting talks from the *Tribune* verbatim reports. 800 pages $2. Just out. 300 sold before publication. Agents wanted. E. B. TREAT, Publisher, 805 Broadway, N. Y. 8-19-4w

**$5 TO $20** per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 31ot

*New Advertisements.*

## --RE-OPENED.--

### A New Thing in an Old Place.

The Bellefonte public and the people of the county generally will be pleased to know that the old and well established

## DRUG STORE,

late the property of James C. Williams, on Allegheny street, next door to Hicks & Brother's hardware emporium, is re-opened for business, re-stocked and fitted out with the very best

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Perfumeries, Dye-Stuffs, Notions,

and everything usually kept in a first-class Drug store.

*Prescriptions Carefully Compounded at all Hours of the Day or night, and particular and prompt attention given to the wants of farmers and others who live in the country. Store never closed to those who want medicines or anything in the drug line. The undersigned hopes, by strict attention on to business, to merit and receive patronage.*

H. M. HERRINGTON, Agent.

D. R. B. NEVIN,
(Late United States Pension Agent),
**Attorney-at-Law,**
and Solicitor of Claims,
725 Sansom street, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay and Prize Money secured and collected. v8-n19-6m

WILLIAM NEWCOMER,
**Boot and Shoe-maker.**

Repairing done on short notice. Also, Agent for the celebrated Grover & Baker Lock Stitch Sewing Machines. Machines of all kinds repaired or exchanged.

☞ Humes' Block, next door to post office. v8n16-1y

WILLIAM E. SHOPE,
CABINET-MAKER AND HOUSE BUILDER

Those desiring a first-class workman are requested to give him a call. 8-16-3y

BLANK
ARTICLE OF AGREEMENT
BETWEEN SCHOOL BOARD & TEACHER
constantly on hand at this office and for sale at 5 cts apiece, or 50 cts per dozen.

## THE TERRIBLE ACCIDENTS

SOMETIMES OCCUR, UPON THE RAILROAD, AND WHERE PEOPLE ARE COLLECTED TOGETHER.

Before going to the Centennial it would be prudent to provide yourself with an ACCIDENT POLICY in the

**Accident Insurance Company** represented in Bellefonte.

THE HARTFORD ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY IS THE ONLY COMPANY WHICH ISSUES BOTH SHORT AND LONG TIME POLICIES.

Tickets issued by their agent from one to thirty days. $5 00 weekly indemnity paid for every $1000 00 insured.

$15 00 weekly indemnity paid for every ticket issued.

OFFICE—North of Court House, Bellefonte, Pa. W. B. RANKIN, Agent.

## NOTICE OF APPEALS.

Appeals will be held at the office of the County Commissioners in Bellefonte, for the different townships and boroughs of Centre county on the following days to wit:

ON THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1876,
for the townships of Miles, Haines, Penn, Gregg and Potter.

ON FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1876,
for the townships of Harris, Ferguson, Halfmoon, College, Potter and Walker.

ON SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1876,
for the townships of Boggs, Union, Huston, and the boroughs of Unionville and Milesburg.

ON MONDAY, JUNE 12, 1876,
for the townships of Taylor, Burnside, Snow Shoe, Rush and the borough of Philipsburg.

ON TUESDAY, JUNE 13, 1876,
for the townships of Spring, Benner and the borough of Bellefonte.

ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1876,
for the townships of Marion, Liberty, Curtin, Howard, and the borough of Howard.

J. N. HALL,
ANDREW GREGG,
H. A. MINGLE,
Commissioners.

Attest:
J. S. BARNHART, Clerk. 8 26-3t

*New Advertisements.*

## --RE-OPENED.--

### In an Old Place.

county generally will be pleased to know that

## STORE,

egheny street, next door to Hicks & Brother's re-stocked and fitted out with the very best

MEDICINES,

e-Stuffs, Notions,

in a first-class Drug store.

*ounded at all Hours of the Day*

given to the wants of farmers and others who who want medicines or anything in the drug on to business, to merit and receive patronage.

RRINGTON, Agent.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.

On and after April 17th, 1876, passenger trains on the Bellefonte & Snow Shoe Railroad will run as follows:

LEAVE WESTWARD.

| STATIONS. | MAIL. | EXPRESS. |
|---|---|---|
| | A. M. | A. M. |
| Bellefonte | 7.00 | 11.20 |
| Milesburg | 7.10 | 11.40 |
| Snow Shoe Intersection | 7.15 | 11.45 |
| Snow Shoe City | 8.20 | 1.00 |
| | A. M. | P. M. |

LEAVE EASTWARD.

| STATIONS. | MAIL. | EXPRESS. |
|---|---|---|
| | A. M. | P. M. |
| Snow Shoe City | 9.00 | 3.40 |
| Snow Shoe Intersection | 10.12 | 4.51 |
| Milesburg | 10.20 | 4.58 |
| Bellefonte | 10.30 | 5. 2 |
| | A. M. | P. M. |

DANIEL RHOADS, Gen. Supt.

SUBPŒNA IN DIVORCE.

Maggie Richards, by her next friend, William F. Askey, vs. George Richards. } In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county. No. 94. April T. 1876.

*Subpœna in Divorce.*

The undersigned, a commissioner appointed to take testimony in the above stated case and report the same to the Court, will attend to the duties of his appointment on Monday, the 22d day of May, 1876, at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M., at his office in Bellefonte, when and where all parties interested may, if they see proper, attend.

D. S. KELLER, Commissioner.
v8n18-3t

*Dry Goods.*

## HARPER BROTHERS

SPRING STREET,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

DEALERS IN

**ENGLISH**

—AND—

**West India Goods**

FLOUR & GRAIN,

Have just received a Large and Well-selected Stock of

## Dry Goods

AND

## GROCERIES

which they are selling at

## PANIC PRICES

Always glad to show their goods whether you buy or not.

CALL AND SEE

vol7no51y

*Furniture Rooms.*

NEW FURNITURE STORE!
JOHN BRACHBILL,
Manufacturer and dealer in

## FURNITURE

SPRING ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.,

HAS COMPLETED HIS ELEGANT

**NEW STORE**

And has now on hand the best assortment of

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

EVER OFFERED IN THIS CITY.

A very fine selection of WALL PAPER, will be found at low prices. v6n16

FURNITURE WAREROOM.

HOWARD STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

BUREAUS,
SOFAS,
LOUNGES,
HAT RACKS,
WHAT-NOTS,
EXTENSION TABLES,
CHAIRS,
STANDS,
STOOLS, &c.,

of every description, quality and price, for sale cheaper than at any other establishment of the kind in Central Penn'a.

UNDERTAKER.

Ready-made Coffins, of all sizes and prices kept constantly on hand. Also Coffins manufactured to order.

v6n16-tf A. P. HARRIS.

*Dauchy & Co*

**$5 to $10 A DAY** sure

AGENTS WANTED in a NEW business, in which any Man or Woman can easily make $5 to $10 a day. ONE who had never canvassed before, made $7 50 in ONE HOUR; an experienced agent made $22 75 in FIFTEEN HOURS. Particulars free. C. A. CLEGG, Manager, 69 Duane street, N. Y. "We know C. A. Clegg to be responsible and reliable, and think he offers Agents extraordinary inducements."—*N. Y. Weekly Sun*, April 19th, 1876. 8-19-3w

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
## CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF THE U. S.

The great interest in our thrilling history makes this the fastest selling book ever published. It contains a full account of the Great Centennial Exhibition.

CAUTION. Old, Incomplete and Unreliable works are being circulated; see that the book you buy contains 442 FINE ENGRAVINGS and 9 5 PAGES.

Send for circulars and extra terms to agents. Address NATIONAL PUB. CO., Philadelphia, Pa. 8-19-4w

For
**COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS.**
AND ALL THROAT DISEASES,
Use
**WELLS' Carbolic Tablets,**
PUT UP ONLY IN BLUE BOXES.
A TRIED AND SURE REMEDY.
Sold by Druggists generally, and
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO.,
v8l-4t Philadelphia, Pa

PSYCHROMANCY, or SOUL CHARMING. How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose instantly. This simple, mental acquirement all can possess, free, by mail, for 25c, together with a Marriage-guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies, Wedding Night-Shirt, etc. A queer book. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Pubs., Phila. 17-4w

**SOMETHING NEW** For AGENTS. Taylor's Patent Safety Lock and Door Fastener. *Safe Protection Against Burglars.* Every family will buy. Apply to D. L. GUERNSEY, Manf'r Agent, Concord, N. H. 17-4w

## FOR HEALTH, COMFORT AND ECONOMY

## Cork Shavings

are unsurpassed as an article for Beds, Mattresses, &c. They are ten times as durable as husks or straw. Only 8 cents per pound. 40 pounds will fill the largest bed.

For sale by ARMSTRONG BROS. & CO., 8-17-5t 44 and 46 First ave., Pittsburgh.

## IT PAYS

any smart man who wishes to make $2,000 a year on a SMALL capital, to commence in our line of business. **Roofing is a Specialty.** There is no one in your county who carries on the business. YOU can learn it in one week by studying our instructions, which we send to all who ask for them. Any man having $100 capital to start with, can purchase enough material to roof *three* ordinary houses. The sum realized from sale and profit on this supply, added to the regular pay for labor as Roofer, should amount to not less than $200. An expert man could Easily do the work in nine working days. Two persons of small means can join together to advantage—one canvassing while the other attends to the work. Send for our book of instructions (Free if you write at once), and *study* it. Ask for terms. If you are unable to advance the money, present the matter to the principal storekeeper in your place, and talk it over with him. He will be glad to furnish the stock and divide the PROFIT with you. We will guarantee the territory to the *first* responsible applicant. Address, **N. Y. SLATE ROOFING CO.**, LIMITED, 4 Cedar St., N. Y., and mention. 17-4w

The greatest selling Centennial book is

## Our Country and Its Resources.

Rich and complete in our thrilling history of 100 years; and grand in vivid descriptions of all our mighty resources in agriculture, commerce, minerals, manufactures, finances, government, curiosities, natural wonders, works of art, etc. Richly illustrated and cheap. A SPLENDID VIEW OF THE WORLD'S FOREMOST NATION. No other book like it. Outsells mere histories five to one. Agents wanted quickly. Address, HUBBARD BROS., 723 Sansom street, Philadelphia. 8-16-4t

**JUST SO.** If you have any ragged dirty, torn, mutilated, almost worthless "scrip" notes, or bills which no one cares to take, don't burn it. We want it, and for it we will give you good, clean books "nothing," or even cash. Send it along and select what you want. Knowledge in a Nutshell, 350 pp. 20c; "The Fastest Girl in New York," 20c; Nasby on Inflation, 50c; Life of a Washington Belle, 20c; Pocket Album, 24 cards 25c; 50 do, 50c; Transparent Playing Cards only 75c; Photographs 10c, 12 for 50c, 25 for $1; Superb full gilt Photo Albums, $1 25, $1 50, $2, $ and up. Elegant Auto Albums, 50c, 65c, 75c, $1, $1 50. Best Steel Pens only 75c a gross, Faber's pencils, 50c doz; London Playing Cards 30c; Violin Strings, 30c; $2 25 per doz; Superb 9x14 French Chromo Crosses, perfect, beauties, 1, Cross and Roses, 2, Cross and Leaves, , Cross and Lily, 4, Cross and Flowers—worth 1 e—our price 10c, 2 for 25c, 6 for 50c, 17 for $1, 50 styles Agents clear $10 daily selling these. Also 1000 elegant col. Engravings, size 13x18. Beautiful Girls—any name you wish—Comic, Religious, and other subjects, only 5c each, 10 for $. Send for our catalogue. Deal only with a reliable house. Send on your dirty money (not counterfeit) and send for anything you want to HUNTER & CO., Hillsdale, N. H. 8-19-10t6ow

## WHY WILL

You pay $1 50 to $3 00 for Jewelry, Cutlery, Silver and Glassware when $1 will buy the very same articles. It is a fact that the N. E. Dollar Sale of Boston, is, does, and has for years been selling an immense variety of goods well worth $2 to $3 at only ONE dollar. $10 will go as far as $15 if you will only believe what we say, and buy where you can buy the cheapest. 6000 elegant new $2 and $3 books all for $1. Dry and Fancy Goods, Groceries, Spices &c., at half the prices. There is no "ticket" trickery, no lottery, no delays. All orders filled promptly. Goods sent C. O. D. You can see them before paying. We need agents and want YOU to give us a trial. Ladies and others can raise clubs and make large pay. We dealt with 9700 people in December, 1875. Give us one trial and like thousands of others we know we shall secure your continued patronage. We sell one article for $1, or give splendid premiums for clubs. Try us and see. We cannot here give our list, it would fill the entire paper. Our house is endorsed by the best merchants and papers of Boston and by 78,000 patrons. 30,000 patrons bought of us in 1875. Send now for our great circulars. Address H. ORMISTON & CO., N. E. DOLLAR SALE, 33 Broomfield street, Boston, Mass. 8-20-10t6ow

This is a beautiful Quarterly Journal, finely illustrated, and containing an elegant colored Frontispiece with the first number. Price only 25 cents for the year. The first number for 1876 just issued.

☞ **Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden**, 55 cents; with cloth covers 85 cts.

Address, JAMES VICK,
8-4-cow Rochester, N. Y.

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

EDWARD T. TUTEN, EDITOR.

Terms: $2.00 Per Annum in Advance

## Agricultural.

### Grass in the House.

Grass has a beautiful effect when growing from pine cones, and requires no other attention than slight watering, night and day. The cones may be set in sand, soil or moss, as convenience or taste may dictate. While they are yet dry and open, sprinkle in as much soil as the scales will retain; next sprinkle in fine grass seed, and finally sprinkle water lightly over the whole. The cones should be kept in a moderately warm place, and at first watered sparingly once a day. In less than a week the seeds will sprout, and soon the graceful spears will begin to get out in every direction. It is not absolutely necessary to introduce any new soil or sand, as the seed grow merely sown in the bare scales; but soil at least serves to prevent the cone from closing too tightly when moistened. A very pleasing effect may be produced by setting a wet sponge in a glass bowl and sowing it over with flax, grass or mustard seed, or all three kinds mixed. Before long it will be covered with a thick growth of tender green, and, if it be judiciously watered every day, the mustard will in time, put forth its tiny yellow blossoms. Children and invalids may derive delight from watching these seeds growing in still another way. Fill a common tumbler or goblet with water, cut out a round of cotton-batting, or of soft thick flannel, of just the size to cover the top surface, and lay it gently upon the water. Upon this scatter the seed—grass, flax, mustard, or all mixed—and gently set the tumbler away in a dark place. In a few days the seed will start; soon the roots will begin to generate in the cotton or flannel, slowly sending down their delicate fibres to the bottom of the vessel, while the top will be covered with a thicket of green. Meanwhile; after the first thirty-six hours, the vessel must be kept in a warm, light place, and two or three times a week carefully replenished with water by means of a tea-spoon, syphon or a syringe inserted beneath the edge of the flannel. Water cresses may be grown in the same way, and, like the mustard plant, afford a pleasant relish when eaten with bread and butter.

The *Times*, of Chattanooga, Tenn., tells this most sentimental goose story:

On a farm near this city is a goose that lately lost its mate. It mourned sincerely for several days, refusing very properly any attention from other geese. But goostic faithfulness could not survive human charms. Goosey became enamored of a man who has charge of fowl and brute. Thrown in his company constantly at feeding time, she always welcomed him with affectionate greetings, and followed him until the gate shut him from her sight. Encouraged by his friendly office, her esteem deepened into love, and now no other companionship satisfies her for a moment. Long before daylight she will begin calling for him, and she will take no food except from his hand. She follows him day by day, round and round the field, while he is plowing, and the highest farm fence cannot stop her. When he comes to town she can only be left behind by being shut up in her couse, and then she keeps up a continual calling till he returns. True to the romantic character in love stories, she is drooping. Her constant exertions to be near her charmer are slowly but surely killing her.

When drying of cows after the regular milking has ceased, the udder should be frequently examined at intervals of a few days, and any milk which has collected should be removed. If left unattended to, serious injury may be inflicted upon the udders, such as the loss of teats, shrinkage of the udders, etc., thus impairing the future usefulness of cows.

Seeds that grow on limestone land should be changed every few years for those which grow on barren or gravel land, and *vice versa*. Such an exchange proves beneficial. By continuing to sow one kind of seed all the time, the crop will become inferior in quality. In regard to live stock it is the same. Breeds should be crossed as often as practicable.

### Fruit Garden and Vineyard.

The fruit garden should be confined to what are known as the small fruits, and no trees larger than dwarf pears are to be grown in it.

The Kittatiny blackberry is generally successful. Wilson's Early is a good market fruit. Set in rows six feet apart, as early as possible. The canes of both blackberries and raspberries grow one year, bear fruit the next, and then die.

Currants — Versailles, White Grape, and Black Naples. Set four or five feet apart and manure well.

Raspberries—Set in rows six feet apart and the plants four feet apart. The Philadelphia is the most hardy and productive, but the fruit is inferior. Clarke, Herstine, Hudson River, Antwerp and Brinkle's Orange are choice sorts, but mostly tender. Highland Hardy is a new kind highly praised; of the black raspberries, the Maimi and Senaca.

Gooseberries are set the same distances; the English sort rarely escape mildew; Downing's Houghton's are the best for kitchen use.

Strawberries—After trying various methods, we have adopted cultivation in rows three feet apart. When the bed needs to be renewed, the runners are allowed to take root in the intermediate spaces; when well established, all save the one row of these young plants are spaded up. Charles Downing still proves the best family berry for all soils; Wilson is only fit for market. Nicanor is good on heavy soils. Black Defiance is a fine fruit for home use. Triomphe de Gand and Jucunda give fine large fruit on heavy soil, as does Seth Boydon on light soils.

Grapes can be grown in the most limited space, and may be trained to a fence, the side of a building, or to a trellis made for the purpose. They may be set from eight to twelve feet apart, according to the space to be covered. Do not set old vines; those one or two years old are preferable.—[American Agriculturist.

Gardners should attend to the following rules in making flower beds: Avoid placing rose color next to scarlet, orange or violet. Do not place orange next to yellow, or blue to violet. Rose color and purple always go together.

A hen never has a regular meal—she always gets a picked-up dinner. —[Commercial Bulletin. And she has to scratch around considerably to get it, too. But then it doesn't cost anything. She has it all put down in the bill.—[Boston Advertiser.

## Miscellaneous.

### Lost Women.

Has it ever occurred to you what a commentary upon our civilization are these lost women, and the attitude of their society toward them. A little child strays from the home inclosure, and the whole community is on the alert to find the wanderer and restore it to its mother's arms. What rejoicing when it is found, what a tearful sympathy, what heartiness of congratulation. There are no harsh comments upon poor, tired feet, be they ever so mirey, no reprimand for the soiled and torn garments, no lack of kisses for the tear-stained face. But let the child be grown to womanhood, let her be led from it by the scourge of want—what happens then? Do Christian men and women go in quest of her? Do they provide all possible help for her return, or if she return of her own notion, do they receive her with such kindness and delicacy as to secure her against wandering? Far from it. At the first step she is denounced as lost—lost, echo friends and relatives—we disown you; don't ever come to us to disgrace us. Lost, says society, indifferently. How bad these girls are. And lost—irretrievably lost—is the prompt verdict of conventional morality, while one and all unite in bolting every door between her and respectability. Ah, will not those lost ones be required at our hands hereafter?

FIVE months gone, yet nothing has been done by a Democratic House except to conduct expensive investigations, in the vain hope that some act of Republican dishonesty may be discovered that will add to Democratic capital in the coming Presidential campaign. It is said that the printing and binding of the testimony taken before the Naval Committee will cost at least $100,000, and will cover about 20,000 pages. This is but one of many investigations that are now pending. Thus, while preaching economy, the Democrats are practicing extravagance, and this while the nation is suffering for legislation that has been too long delayed.

## Moral and Religious.

### Unite, Unite.

Whoever keeps his eye on the state of things in the religious world sees plainly one significant fact—that the good are not united as the bad are. Evil has a coherence, a unity, a oneness of purpose and combination of energies, to which goodness has not attained. The wicked will pull one way, and they pull with all their might. The Devil's team never balks and never gets tangled up. The traces are always taut, the leaders well in hand and level to their work at the crack of his whip. Wickedness is always unanimous, self-collected, and at peace with itself. It never rejects any help, come from what source it may. Whatever can debauch men, whatever may lead them astray, whoever will assist by little or by much, is accepted and enrolled among its forces. By this process, by thus utilizing every agent and agency, it is enabled to accomplish vast results and keep its seat and throne in the world. It is not so with the good. They have not yet learned the lesson of harmony—the power which lies in organization and unity of effort. Imps always give way to one another. They always yield to the wisest comrade and so they get the best wit for their guidance; but the saints are egotistic and one will not yield precedence to another, but will stand and fight each for his own pet scheme or measure. You can get unanimity in a bar room, but you can't in a church.

This, also, is worth noting: that Satan uses all material offered him. If a man or organization is half wrong, he utilizes that half and works it in somehow to advance his schemes of mischief; but if a man or organization is only half good, men in the church stand off and look askance at it and say, 'No, we cannot affiliate with that; we must not have anything to do with that lest we be misunderstood, lest we hazard our reputation.' And thus the sum total of force in goodness is lessened.

'And John answered and said, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name; and we forbade him, because he followed not with us. And Jesus said unto him, Forbid him not.'

### Looking.

Through the windows of the soul, life and death is courted and won. 'Look not,' and 'look,' comprehend the loving counsel of the Lord. 'Look unto me and be saved,' and that 'fearful looking for of fiery indignation' will never distress thee. 'Looking unto Jesus,' wins life, strength, peace, and comfort from his bounty. So long as Peter looked to his Lord, he walked on the wave, but the moment he looked on himself, and the water, he sank. Side glances at our foes and obstacles are all we can afford—just enough to measure them with the conquring Saviour, and to prompt us to make Him our defence. Looking is expecting, trusting, waiting for the coming of the Lord, and none look in vain. 'Looking unto Jesus,' is living in him, feasting upon him, conquering by him. The experience is very precious, a perpetual delight, an unspeakable joy. Dear Lord, help us never to lose sight of thee; to see thee in every trial, every joy, every furnace of sorrow, every home, every enterprise, every conflict, every duty, every grief; still looking as we pass the dark valley, and behold thee forever in the home of the blessed.

### Thought and Feeling.

The measure of Christian growth is thought. Emotional raptures cannot outstrip intellectual conviction. Heart experience receives its thrill from the head. The fine frenzy of a poet's feelings is under the impulsion of quick immagination and electric thought. Sustained rhapsodies do not befit a poem; nor does a high tension of the nerves decide the tone of Christian life. It may illustrate its vibrant energy, but it does not represent its best tenor.

Feeling is the sequence of thought. Intelligent apprehension of truth in its inwardness and solemnity must precede a reverence for it. The discerning orator does not appeal to the passions until the force of his argument has wrought conviction; so, exhortation, to be effective, must savor keenly of sense and intellect. Give yourself to thinking, my friend, hard, persistent, reverential; and emotion will interpret it. The mind primarily dominates the heart; but the heart is a faithful mirror of the mind and embodies its finest expression. 'While I was musing the fire burned.'

Always have something doing, or ready to do; for a Christian should never be idle.

*New Advertisements.*

## What is Vegetine?

It is a compound extracted from barks, roots and herbs. It is Nature's remedy. It is perfectly harmless from any bad effect upon the system. It is nourishing and strengthening. It acts directly upon the blood. It quiets the nervous system. It gives you good, sweet sleep at night. It is a panacea for our aged fathers and mothers, for it gives them strength, quiets their nerves, and gives them Nature's sweet sleep—as has been proved by many an aged person. It is the great Blood Purifier. It is a soothing remedy for our children. It has relieved and cured thousands. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it. It relieves and cures all diseases originating from impure blood. Try the Vegetine. Give it a fair trial for your complaints; then you will say to your friend, neighbor and acquaintance, "Try it; it has cured me."

## RELIABLE EVIDENCE

The following unsolicited testimonial from Rev. O. T. Walker, formerly pastor of Bowdoin Square Church, Boston, and at present settled in Providence, R. I., must be deemed as reliable evidence. No one should fail to observe that this testimonial is the result of two years experience with the use of Vegetine in the Rev. Mr. Walker's family, who now pronounce it invaluable:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 164 Transit Street.
H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.:

I feel bound to express with my signature the high value I place upon your Vegetine. My family have used it for the last two years. In nervous debility it is invaluable, and I recommend it to all who may need an invigorating, renovating tonic. O. T. WALKER,
Formerly Pastor of Bowdoin Square Church, Boston.

## THE BEST EVIDENCE.

The following letter from Rev. E. S. Best, pastor of the M. E. Church, Natick, Mass., will be read with interest by many physicians; also those suffering from the same disease as afflicted the son of the Rev. E. S. Best. No person can doubt this testimony, as there is no doubt about the curative power of Vegetine.

Natick, Mass., January 1, 1873.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—We have good reason for regarding your VEGETINE a medicine of the greatest value. We feel assured that it has been the means of saving our son's life. He is now seventeen years of age; for the last two years he has suffered from necrosis of his leg, caused by scrofulous affection, and was so far reduced that nearly all who saw him thought his recovery impossible. A council of able physicians could give us but the faintest hope of his ever rallying; two of the number declaring that he was beyond the reach of human remedies, that even amputation could not save him, as he had not vigor enough to endure the operation. Just then we commenced giving him Vegetine, and from that time to the present he has been continuously improving. He has lately resumed studies, thrown away his crutches and cane, and walks about cheerfully and strong.

Though there is still some discharge from the opening where the limb was lanced, we have the fullest confidence that in a little time he will be perfectly cured.

He has taken about three dozen bottles of Vegetine, but lately uses very little, as he declares he is too well to be taking medicine.

Respectfully Yours,
E. S. BEST.
8-4w Mrs. L. C. F. BEST.

Prepared by
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE
IS SOLD BY
*All Druggists and Dealers*
EVERYWHERE.

*For Sale at this Office.*

FOR SALE.
A GOOD SECOND HAND
FLORENCE
SEWING MACHINE,
VERY CHEAP.
Enquire at this office

*For Sale.*

## Timothy Seed &c.

FOR SALE.

A FINE LOT OF
**Timothy Seed,**
ORCHARD GRASS
AND
WISCONSIN
LARGE CLOVER SEED,
and five hundred bushels
—HUNGARIAN GRASS SEED—
JUST RECEIVED
FROM THE WEST,
And for sale by
ABRAHAM SUSSMAN.
v8n7-tf

*Legal.*

COLLECTOR'S SALE
BLANKS.
75 cts per hundred 12 cts per dozen.
☞ Sent post paid to any address on receipt of price.

*Sechler & Co.—Groceries.*

IT WILL PAY! IT WILL PAY!
To give very careful attention to the purchase of your
# GROCERIES!
For economy requires that you buy nothing but FRESH PURE GOODS.
We keep on hand at all times a large and carefully selected stock of goods comprising every item that properly belongs
## To the Grocery Trade.
We make it one of the cardinal points of our business to sell
## PURE GROCERIES
IT WILL PAY
To buy your Groceries of a firm that, in addition to selling
**PURE FRESH GOODS,**
also guarantees that every article purchased of them shall prove to be just as recommended, and if in any case goods do not prove to be just as they were recommended, we not only desire but make special request that they be returned, and we will render full
**SATISFACTION, AND NO QUIBBLING.**
IT WILL PAY
To do your trading with a house that always gives a dollars' worth for a dollar.
IT WILL PAY
To call and examine our complete stock of
FRUITS, NUTS and CONFECTIONERY
which we are now daily receiving for the
## HOLIDAY TRADE.
IT WILL PAY
You handsomely to get some of our pure candies, fresh fruits and nuts for the "little folks" during the holiday season. One, or two, or five dollars, (just as you can afford) spent in this way at Christmas and New Year's will bring a better return than the same amount put on interest at one hundred per cent.
IT WILL PAY
To buy your Teas and Spices of a house that makes a specialty of that line of goods and sell only the
Finest Flavored TEAS and Strictly PURE SPICES.
IT WILL PAY
In buying anything in the line of
**Groceries, Confectionery, &c.,**
to call at
**SECHLER & CO.'S,**
BUSH HOUSE BLOCK, BELLEFONTE, PA.
IT WILL PAY! IT WILL PAY.

*INSURANCE* | *AGENCY.*

IRWIN'S INSURANCE AGENCY.
S. M. IRWIN, late Justice of the Peace. | **S. M. IRWIN & SON,** | JOHN J. IRWIN, Attorney at Law
OFFICE, NORTH SIDE DIAMOND, BELLEFONTE, PA.
This agency represents the oldest and best Fire Insurance Companies represented in the United States, and the best Life Insurance Company in the world.
☞ FAIR RATES AND GOOD INSURANCE ☜
should induce the insuring public to patronize this agency.
REMEMBER THE PLACE.
N. B Strict attention given to collections, and remittances promptly made. Scrivening of all kinds neatly done on short notice. 27-3m

*Nagle, Cooke & Ewing,* | *Paper Hangings.*

FINE PAPER HANGINGS,
**OIL PAINTED WALL PAPERS,**
SUBSTITUTES FOR PAINTED WALLS.
DADO'S HALL AND CEILING DECORATIONS
COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF FINE AND CHEAP GOODS.
NAGLE, COOKE & EWING,
1208 Chestnut Street, 19-tf PHILADELPHIA.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
**MARBLE MANUFACTURER,**
HIGH STREET, 27-6m BELLEFONTE, PA.

The President of the BRYANT & STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE, Philadelphia, has made arrangements so that parties desiring to attend this Institution during the progress of the
**UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION**
can secure *good board at the present low rates.* It will take at least a *month* to thoroughly examine the numerous objects of interest from all parts of the world, and this can easily be done afternoons and on Saturdays, without interfering with the regular course of study. *No such opportunity for obtaining a business education and valuable general information will ever again be presented.* For full particulars, address
J. F. SOULE, President, 108 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Agents** For best chance in the world to coin money address U. S. SAFETY POCKET CO., Newark, New Jersey. 6174w

**AGENTS** 73 subscribers in one day *Best literary paper.* Only $1 50 a year. Three $10 chromos free. MUNYON & SPONSLER, Pubs., Phila., Pa. 8-12-4w

### A Good Story.

From Ohio comes a capital temperance story. Judge Quay, the temperance lecturer, in one of his efforts here, got off the following:

"All of those who in youth acquire a habit of drinking whisky, at forty years will be total abstainers or drunkards. No one can use whisky for years in moderation. If there is a person in the audience before me whose experience disputes this, let him make it known. I will account for it, or acknowledge that I am mistaken."

A tall, large man arose, and folding his arms in a dignified manner across his breast, said:

"I offer myself as one whose experience contradicts your statement."

"Are you a moderate drinker?" asked the Judge.

"I am."

"How long have you drunk in moderation?"

"Forty years."

"And were you never intoxicated?"

"Never."

"Well," remarked the Judge, scanning his subject close from head to foot, "yours is a singular case, yet I think it easily accounted for. I am reminded by it of a little story. A negro man, with a loaf of bread and a flask of whisky, set down to dine by the bank of a clear stream. In breaking the bread, some of the crumbs dropped into the water. They were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish. That circumstance suggested the idea of dipping the bread in the whisky and feeding it to them. He tried it, and it worked well. Some of the fish ate it, became drunk, and floated helpless on the water. By this stroke of strategy, he caught a great number. But in the stream was a large fish very unlike the rest. He partook freely of the bread and whisky, but with no preceptible effect; he was shy of every effort of the darkey to take it.

"He resolved to have it at all hazards, that he might learn its name and nature. He procured a net, and after much effort caught it, carried it to a negro neighbor, and asked his opinion of the matter. The other surveyed the wonder for a moment, and then said: "Sambo, I understand dis case, dat fish is a mullet-head; it han't got any brains."

"In other words," added the Judge, "alcohol effects only the brain, and of course those having none may drink without injury!"

The storm of laughter that followed drove the moderate drinker suddenly from the house.

---

ALWAYS BE POLITE.—In the days of Empire, Marshal MacMahon having become a father, went to the Mayority at the city of Nancy, to have the infant's birth and name registered, as required by law. He was accompanied by the nurse, carrying the baby, and two relatives.

"You must wait," said the clerk on duty, who did not know the Marshal.

The latter took a seat and waited. A quarter of an hour elapsed. The clerk, meanwhile, did nothing. He deliberetely arranged and rearranged his pen and paper. He then cut his nails with a penknife, and ignored his visitors entirely.

The Marshal remained calm and imperturbable; his friends showed signs of indignation; but he signed to them to remain quiet. At length the clerk, taking up his pen and opening the registry, said:

"Well, what is your name, sir? You are the father of the child, I suppose. What is his name?"

"Write," said the Marshal, coolly, "Emmanuel, son of Patrick Maurice de MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, Marshal of France, here before you."

The pen dropped from the trembling clerk's hand. The Marshal did not report him. He considered the fright he had given the official enough.

---

No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be true.

---

Says a country editor: "Who drinks all the whisky made in the United States, is what staggers us." It is enough to stagger anybody.

---

*Hardware and Stoves.*


*S. & A. Loeb's Mammoth Dry Goods Store.*

# EXTRAORDINARY OFFERS TO CASH BUYERS.

## NOTE OUR PRICES.

## THEY WILL TALK FOR THEMSELVES.

### Grocery Department.

Good Green Coffee at 20 cents.
Nice Brown Sugars 10 cents.
Fine Syrups at 75 cents.
Canned Fruits cheaper than ever.
G. A. Salt at $1 50 per sack.

### Clothing Department.

Men's Suits, Coat, Pants and Vest for $8 00.
Boy's " " " $5 00.
A first-class suit for twelve to fifteen dollars.

### Notion Department.

Men's Half Hose at 5 cents.
Ladies' Hose 3 pairs for 25 cents.
Best Spool Cotton 6 cents.
Childrens' Gum Combs 5 cents.

### Dry Goods Department.

Standard Calicoes 5 cents per yard.
Appleton A Muslins 10 cents per yard.
Heavy Cheviot Shirtings 10 cents per yard.
Bleached Muslins standard goods 8 cents per yard.
Table Linens cheaper than ever.

### Carpets.

From 20 cents per yard and upward.
Good Rag Carpet at 37½ cents per yard.

### Shoes.

Ladies' Shoes at $1 25 per pair.
Ladies' Gaiters at $1 25 per pair.
Child's Button Shoes at 50 cents per pair.
Men's Plough Shoes at $1 25 per pair.
Men's Brogans at one dollar per pair.

**We offer NO BAITS. All our Goods are sold at prices to compare with above. A Full New Assortment suitable for Spring Purchases just received.**

# S. & A. LOEB.


*Hardware.*


HARDWARE

NO. 5 BROCKERHOFF ROW

J & J. HARRIS,

SELL AT THE LOWEST PRICE

All sorts of

Forks,
Chains,
Shovels,
Axes,
Grindstones
Coal Oil Lamps,
Paints,
Oils,
Varnishes,
&c.

We hope by

STRICT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS

merit and receive a share of public patronage.

BUILDERS AND OTHERS

will find it to their advantage to call and examine our stock.

J. & J. HARRIS,

v5 No. 5 Brockerhoff Row.


*Scales.*


FAIRBANKS' SCALES

FAIRBANKS

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Over 300 Modifications.

TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF EVERY BUSINESS

FAIRBANKS & EWING.

715 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA.


*Hotels.*


RAIL ROAD HOUSE

Corner Front and Pine Street,

PHILIPSBURG, CENTRE CO. PA.

ROBERT LOYD, Prop'r.

The best of Liquors and Segars constantly on hand. The table is well supplied with the best the market affords. v4n25-1y

MERCHANTS HOTEL,

CUMMINGS & MAUGLE,

FOURTH ST.

A FEW DOORS ABOVE MARKET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The accomodations at the "Merchants" are first class and prices moderate. 6-8-6m


*Watches.*


WATCHMAKER'S

REMOVAL.

F. C RICHARDS'

takes this opportunity to inform his friends that he has removed to the new building lately erected by Blanchard & McCafferty, next door to the office of Alexander & Co., on High St. At his new store he has increased facilities for doing business and guarantees entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. Clocks, watches and jewelry repaired upon shortest notice. v07-no6-6f


*Flour and Feed.*


DUNCAN, HALE & CO.,

(Successors to John M. Wagner & Co.)

MANUFACTURERS OF

FLOUR, FEED, &c.,

AND DEALERS IN

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN

The highest market price paid for

WHEAT, RYE,

CORN,

OATS, &c

6-29-1y


*Plumbing and Gas Fitting.*


PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING.

The undersigned give notice that they have this day formed a co-partnership in the

Plumbing And Gas Fitting

business, under the firm name of DANIEL DERR & CO., and will be ready at all times to attend to calls in their line, at the shop of Daniel Derr, in Bellefonte. All work will be done at

*REASONABLE PRICES*

and in a workmanlike manner.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 3, 1875.

DANIEL DERR,
JOHN W. BARNES.

7-45

GALBRAITH & WHITE,

PLUMBERS,

GAS & STEAM FITTERS.

We pay particular attention to heating buildings by steam. Copper smithing and re-bronzing old gas fixtures done nicely and expeditiously. All our work warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

GALBRITH & WHITE,
Bellefonte, Pa.

17-1y


*Steamship Line.*


FOR FLORIDA.

FOR THROUGH PASSAGE TICKETS to ST. AUGUSTINE and all landings on ST. JOHN'S RIVER, and interior points in FLORIDA, by steamship to SAVANNAH, and thence by railroad or steamboat,

Apply to WM. L. JAMES, General Agent Philadelphia and Southern Mail S. Co 416 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia.


*Carriages.*


S. A. McQUISTION

MANUFACTURER OF

Buggies, Carriages,
Wagons Sleighs, &c.,

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO!

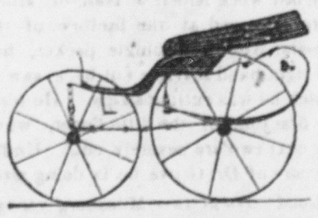
SHOPS NEAR THE DEPOT, BELLEFONTE PA. 5-4-1y

REMOVAL.

EDWARB A. BULLOCK & CO,

MILESBURG.

MANUFACTURERS OF



BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES

SPRING WAGONS, SLEIGHS, &c.

AND LUMBER WAGONS

Having rebuilt our factory, lately burned in the great fire at Milesburg, we have removed from Bellefonte, and can now be found at our new place of business near

CENTRAL CITY MILLS.

Thankful to our friends for past favors we solicit a continuance of their patronage at our new establishment.

Repairing Neatly and Carefully Done,

and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our motto is, **As Cheap as the Cheapest and Good as the Best.**

7-23-1y

WAGONS FOR SALE.—The undersigned has on hand some first-class two-horse wagons which they will dispose of for cash.—They intend keeping on hand wagons of the most improved style and finish. Persons wishing a first-class wagon will do well to call and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere.

GEO. RIDER & SON,
6-8-tf Central City, Centre co., Pa.


*Fire-arms.*


GREAT REDUCTION!

*Good Revolvers - $4.50*
*Single Shot Guns $3 to $12.00*
*Double Guns $8 to $150.00*

Powder, Shot, Cartridges,

BREECH-LOADING & MUZZLE-LOADING

SHOT GUNS & RIFLES

at the lowest possible rates.

FIREARMS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY REPAIRED.

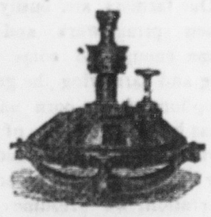
SHOP ON HIGH STREET,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

THEODORE DESCHNER.

7-3-1y


*Foundries.*

W. P. Duncan & Co,

*Bellefonte, Pa.*

ENGINEERS & MACHINISTS,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

HOUSTON WATER WHEEL

STEAM ENGINES,

CIRCULAR SAW MILLS,

ROLLING MILL

AND

Grist Mill Machinery.

v5n46a812-1y


*Coa Lime, &c.*


Coal! Coal! Coal!

HAVING erected new Coal Sheds and new Scales, (Fairbanks') we are prepared to furnish the

Very Best Quality

OF

Wilkesbarre and Shamokin Coal!

to all who may want the same, at the

MOST REASONABLE PRICES

Our Coal is of the very

BEST IN THE MARKET

and will be delivered at the residence of all parties in Bellefonte, as low as the same quality of coal can be had elsewhere.

OFFICE IN McCAFFERTY'S BUILDING, (opposite the depot)

J. R. & C. T. ALEXANDER.

WM. SHORTLIDGE BOND VALENTINE

Shortlidge & Co.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

COAL UNDER ROOF,

FROM THE

WILKESBARRE BALTIMORE COAL CO'S MINES,

prepared expressly for family use.

BEST COAL IN THE MARKET!

Also, SHAMOKIN ANTHRACITE COAL.

LIME!

WOOD or COAL BURNT,

challenges competition as to quality.

Agents for the sale of

DUPONT'S POWDER

RIFLE, SPORTING and BLASTING POWDER constantly on hand, which is sold in large or small quantities.

FUSE--BEST COTTON, HEMP AND TAPE FUSE for BLASTING,

*FIRE BRICK AND GROUND FIRE CLAY,*

all of which are being sold at the very LOWEST PRICES,

CONSUMERS OF AND DEALERS IN THE ABOVE ARTICLES ARE SOLICITED TO GIVE US A CALL!

Office and Yard near South End of Bald Eagle Valley Railroad Depot.

v5n34-1y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AMERICAN LINE

MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

ONLY

LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Sailing every Thursday from PHILADELPHIA

For QUEENSTOWN & LIVERPOOL.

CABIN, INTERMEDIATE & STEERAGE

Accommodations Unsurpassed,

Rates as low as by any other First-Class Line.

PETER WRIGHT & SONS, General Agents, W. W. POTTER, PHILADELPHIA

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*Hardware and Stoves.*


HARDWARE AND STOVES.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.,

(Successors to Wilson & Hicks)

will sell Hardware, Stoves, Saddlery, Coach-makers' Material, Builders and Glass a Hardware, Stoves, Saddlerds, Paints, Oils, &c. Nails, Iron Shovel Plows, specialty, at ash prices. Childrens' carriages, Sh ook Stoves and Ran ges in the market, a nd warrant them to be good. We keep Cutting Boxes, etc. than elsewhere. A ny one in this count y building, or dealin g in this line of all repairs for same, We have the best C THOMAS A. HICKS & BROTHE R, Bellefonte, Pa. goods, will pay them and will sell lower to come and see us.

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BELLEFONTE, PA.

**Lodge Directory.**

Bayard Post, No. 96, G. A. R., meets every Monday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Council, No. 270, O. U. A. M., meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade

Bellefont Lodge, No. 190, K. of P., meets every Friday evening, at their hall, in Meek's Building, opposite the Bush House.

Centre Lodge, No. 153, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening at the Odd Fellow's hall. Degree meetings first Saturday of each month.

Minerva (Rebekah Degree) Lodge, No. 53, meets on the Saturday night next to and immediately before the full of the moon of each month, in Odd Fellow's hall.

Bellefonte Encampment, No. 72 I. O. O. F., meets at the Odd Fellow's hall on the second and fourth Mondays of every month.

Bellefonte Lodge, No. 268, A. Y. M., meets on Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, on or before each Full moon, in Masonic Lodge, Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Chapter, 24., R. A. M. meets on Thursday night preceeding the second Friday of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Constans Commandery, No. 35, K. T., meets the second Friday evening of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

## Bellefonte and County.

—Bring in your flowers.

—What has become of the circuses?

—How pleasantly it would fall upon the people—"Congress has adjourned."

—Read the advertisement in another column of W. B. Rankin, insurance agent.

—Josh describes the belle of Milesburg as a "bewitching and graceful little toad."

—Trout rods, flies, leaders, hooks, and everything necessary for trout fishing at Green's drug store.

—Linn street has the honor of having one of the worst and most unhealthy unabated nuisances in this town.

—"The lost found" is the heading of an item in an exchange. Now who ever heard of any one losing a "found." Probably meant foundry.

—Any man who keeps on eating oysters after the "r" is out of the month, need not be surprised if he finds himself tangled up.

—A man who lives in a cellar hole under the REPUBLICAN office, labors under the hallucination that his wife is a shingle nail, and he keeps hammering at her.

—It looks very much as though the Democratic House of Representatives, in its investigating business, had, like vaulting ambition, o'er-leaped itself and hurt its ankle.

—Josh wants to know how some people can fall heir to large fortunes, when he is compelled to go around with a lame back and no money to buy circus tickets.

—Somehow or other when a grocer says maple sugar is nineteen cents a pound, it seems more independent to slam down a silver half dollar and say, "Take 'er out o' that."

—Linn street east of Allegheny, is one of the meanest, dirtiest thoroughfares in wet weather there is in this town. Is it not about time something was done in that locality?

—They do not allow any one to shoot ducks in the State of New York after the first of May, but the poor hen can be slaughtered any time during the year. Now that is not showing partiality alike.

—The soyereigns of the side-walk, —better known as "street bummers"—have determined upon reducing the time of staring from five minutes to two minutes. Ladies around here will be glad to know this.

—Wherever the streets need repairs they should receive proper attention, and be fixed up as speedily as possible. Why not put our idle laboring men at work on such places, and give them a chance to earn a little something?

—Sweeping down like a mighty avalanche—Popular opinion in favor of the immediate extension of Linn street east of Allegheny, and the abatement of the nuisance on the corner of Ridge and Linn, and is carrying everything before it. Let it carry.

—An astronomical professor, in a recent lecture on Saturn, said that its rings did not reflect light upon this planet. We know a ring in this county that reflects that which will purchase light—the Court House Ring. It reflects about five thousand dollars a year into Meek's pocket.

—The new Methodist church at Centre Hall was dedicated a week ago last Sunday. The church was in debt to the amount of $925 00, but during the morning service $650 00 was raised, leaving a balance of $275 00, which the trustees agreed to assume, leaving the church after the dedication free from debt.

—Now is your chance, if you want to get to Washington for nothing, and this is the *modus operandi*: Just drop a line to any of the members of the Democratic investigating committee, stating that you think some government official in that city has been robbing some fund or other. On receipt of your letter they will telegraph to you—"Come on here; your expenses will be paid." When you get there collect your fees and traveling expenses, and afterward say just as much as you think proper.

—A gentlemen from Lock Haven, a patron of our paper, sends us the following in relation to an invitation extended to General La Fayette to visit our town on his way to Niagara Falls in the year 1825, copied from the Bellefonte *Patriot* of that year. As everything that transpired at that early time is of interest this Centennial year, and as General de La Fayette was the particular friend of the Father of our country, which fact will give added interest to this item, we gladly publish it, and also thank our correspondent for his thoughtfulness in sending it to us. Whenever we can be of service to him he must command us. The extract is as follows:

"As it is expected that General LA FAYETTE will visit the Falls of Niagara before he leaves the United States, and believing that his nearest and best route, after visiting Harrisburg, would be along the turnpike road passing through this place from Philadelphia to Erie, the Town Council of the borough of Bellefonte have sent the General the following polite invitation, in case he should determine upon this route, to tarry a short time in this town:

*Borough of Bellefonte, Centre county, in Pennsylvania.*

IN TOWN COUNCIL, January 25, 1825.

The Town Council of the borough of Bellefonte having heard, with satisfaction, that General LA FAYETTE intends visiting Harrisburg, the capital of this State, sometime in the month of February next, and that from thence he intends passing to Erie beg leave to invite him to tarry a short time in the borough of Bellefonte on his way thither.

At the time this distinguished friend of Liberty was assisting in fighting the battles, and contributing toward the achievement of our Independence, this section of our State was a *trackless wild*, inhabited by the ruthless savages. Under the mild government of our *brave ancestry* the wilderness has been converted into a fruitful field, and the yell of the savage has been exchanged for the busy hum of honest industry. Although we cannot afford the man whom we intend to honor the brilliant reception which, we are happy to say, he has met with on our Atlantic border, yet we can proffer him the homage of our most lively and heartfelt regards.

JOHN RANKIN, JAMES ROTHROCK,
JOSEPH BUTLER, JAMES MCGHEE,
JEREMIAH MENIN, HENRY VANDIKE,
Attest. *Town Council.*
WILLIAM L. SMITH, Clerk.

—Use Gundrum's Dental Balm; 25 cents a bottle at Zeller's drug store.

—In another part of this issue of our paper will be found our associated press letter. It is very long this week, but we thought it best not to abbreviate it, because it treats upon a subject in which every true American is just at this time taking a deep interest. Although our town readers may have seen the account of the grand opening of the Centennial Exhibition in the daily papers, yet our readers throughout the county will depend upon the REPUBLICAN for information upon this all-engrossing topic, and will no doubt read this letter from our Philadelphia correspondent with great interest. All through the summer interesting letters will be received from this correspondent, keeping our readers informed of what is going on at the great show. We would here suggest to our friends that a little effort on their part in our interest, would increase our circulation in their neighborhood. Friends, won't you try and help us along a little? To all who will do so we say, You shall receive your reward.

—A new and elegant store-room has just been opened by Lauth, Thomas & Co. at Howard Iron Works, with an entire stock of brand-new goods, which they have just bought at bottom prices, and which they are ready to sell for cash or exchange for country produce of all kinds, at prices so low as to defy competition. Among the articles they sell are dry-goods of all kinds, groceries, provisions, hats, boots and shoes, queens-ware, willow-ware, drugs, clothing, tobacco, hardware, and in fact almost everything. Call and see them; they are willing to show the goods even if you do not buy, and have attentive and gentlemanly clerks to attend to all their customers.

—A week ago last Tuesday the house of John Croft, of Boggs township, was destroyed by fire, together with its entire contents. The fire originated from a defective flue, at noontime, while they were preparing dinner. There was no one about the house but the women, the men being at work some distance away. Although the fire started in the day-time, the women were so excited that nothing could be saved, and indeed so rapid was the progress of the fire that very little opportunity was given to carry out furniture. There was no insurance.

—A young man, who has recently come to town, was assisting to launch a boat at the car shop dam last Saturday, after which he perched himself on a wet log—which was about as slippery as a shaved pig's tail, greased—which caused him to slide into the water about as easy as shot glides from a shingle. He emerged from his temporary abode with no other injury than a thorough ducking. He has been soliciting an introduction to Postmaster Johnson ever since, but hasn't found any one with courage enough to accommodate him. 'Nuf sed.

—A small band of gypsies were encamped on Sunday and Monday in the green on the Milesburg pike, about half a mile from town. They were apparently of a tribe strange hereabouts, as no familiar faces were seen among them.

—Stock hogs, as well as small pigs with promising outcome, are in demand at rather extravagant prices. The supply is not equal to the market inquiry, and many pig-pens are for the present enantless in consequence.

—J. Zeller & Son sell A. J. Cruse's celebrated cigars.

—A splendid line of hair and tooth brushes at Green's.

—Put on your old boots to wear to the Centennial, if you want comfort. They say there is only thirty-eight miles of walking necessary to be done if you want to see the whole of the exhibition.

—Mr. B. O. Deininger, one of the editors of the Millheim *Journal*, called upon us yesterday. He is determined to make the *Journal* one of the best papers in the county. We hope he will meet with abundant success.

—Under the direction of Rev. W. A. Biggart, our Baptist friends will hold a meeting in the old M. E. Church, of this place, on Friday evening, for the purpose of organizing a Sabbath-school. All interested are invited to be present.

—Bob Pruner brought into our office a box of powder which, he said, if a little was put into kerosene oil would prevent it from exploding; but our opinion is that if you turn the can over a bed of hot coals, you are going to see a conflagration.

—Orange and banana parings are generally harmless, but when scattered about the pavements they are often productive of very serious injury to pedestrians. If you have been in the habit of throwing them on the side-walks, cease immediately.

—Articles of family consumption of all kinds still maintain their usual high rates, and the prospect of a reduction appears to be very slight. Bellefonte is one of the dearest markets in the country—with a corresponding notoriety for the low wages paid mechanics and laboring men.

—All persons having uniforms—hat, shirt or belt—belonging to the Logan Fire Company, are requested to leave the HAT at the office of W. B Rankin in the Diamond, on or before the first of June, as the same are to be re-painted. It is hoped the hats will be turned in without further notice.

By order of the company.

—Of course, no attention will be paid to the warning; but we are in duty bound, as faithful journalists, to caution all those who intend to burn brush in the woods and set the mountain on fire, when the time comes around, to do as they please—as they always have in the past, and look out for the consequences.

—The style of poetry given below seems to be all the rage just now. We cannot say that we think it contains any particular merit. We think, perhaps, there is "more truth than poetry" in it. However, it is the last of the kind we have seen, and we quote it:

The Local when he takes the aire,
Scans the faces with a staire,
Looking for a fight or a man on a taire,
For something rich or something faire.
Then he goes back and writes with caire,—
Writes while sitting in the sanctum chaire,
With pen in hand and hand in haire,
All for the benefit of the subscribaire.

—Our farmers are busily engaged with their spring work, and scarcely have time enough to come to town. Plowing and harrowing the ground for the reception of the corn and potato crops has been the "order of the day" for several weeks past, and as the weather has been quite favorable for this operation, we presume that the greater part of the ground has been put in proper order. Corn planting has already commenced.

—Vanity Fair Cigarettes, made of Vanity Fair smoking tobacco, at Zeller's drug store.

—Some one has sent us a copy of the Lancaster daily *Express*, and in its locals we notice quite a lengthy account of the forty-first anniversary of the Goethean Literary Society of Franklin and Marshal College. The entertainment seems to have been a complete success, with a generous "feast of reason and flow of soul." As Bellefonte is always glad to hear from her children away from home, we will say that the salutatory was delivered by Mr. C. H. Hoffer, of this place, who, after thanking the audience for their gladsome presence, entered upon his subject, "Knowledge," and said that it has been said and is most profoundly true, that upon the cultivation of the intellect depends the stability of nations and the glory of empires. Greece did not distinguish herself among the nations until Hesiod wrote and Homer sang in mighty verse; when Rome proclaimed the grand principles of a Seneca and held in awe the minds of her people by the powerful eloquence of a Cæsar, then did she display herself the true legacy of a Romulus. The destiny of a nation as well as its perpetuity depends upon the cultivation of the mind. The speaker then stated how knowledge must be distinguished—for its expansive power upon moral refinement and civilization. He did not wish the politician to lay hands upon the public schools, and when he uttered the sentiment that the grand conception of Thaddeus Stevens should not perish, he was greeted by loud applause. Mr. Hoffer possesses a strong voice and his delivery carried with it much force. At the conclusion he received a number of boquets.

—As is usual in this county the Democrats are on the move for the fall campaign. Several members of that party are in the field for the various offices within the gift of the people, at the next election. As is also customary with us, the Republicans are behind time, and when the vote is counted on the day of the election, they will find that have been behind time to the end of the contest.

Nine out of every ten Republicans will say to this, "Well, what can you expect?" In answer we say that we might expect victory if our party were more earnest, more alive to the importance of beginning early and working late, for the success of our noble principles. We are conquered before we begin; because the great body of Republicans throughout the county will have it so. Several times, since we have been in this county, the Republican party has had victory just within its grasp, and it has failed to reach out its hand and secure the prize. They said it was no use, it can't be done. There should be no such a word as "can't," in the vocabulary of men struggling for honesty and efficency in the administration of our county affairs.

What we want is that the shrewdest politician in our ranks should be placed as chairman of the county committee, and the very best men in the county nominated for office, and then that the county should give them a united and cordial support.

Just as sure as the sun shall rise on the day after the meeting of the Democratic convention, just so sure shall we find that the Meek ring have captured it, and dictated all its nominations; and, if this should prove the case, there are honest men enough in the county to elect the whole, or a part of our ticket. Then let us commence this year in session. Procrastination is the parent of defeat. Let us work with a full determination to win a glorious victory, and the result cannot fail to equal our most sanguine expectations. Our party never was in better trim for the battle. Old feuds are dead; side issues will be swallowed up by the mighty magnitude of the contest. Let us close up our ranks and advance in a solid column to the battle, for the removal of incompetent men, for honest and purity in the administration of our county affairs; to lay the foundation for the election, in the near future, of an honest and competent board of commissioners, for the appointment of honest and competent men to collect taxes and for the overhauling of delinquent tax collectors; for a board of commissioners who will not spend three hundred days of the year at the county seat, where their services are not needed, and charge nine hundred dollars a year for such service. These are some of the wrongs to be righteened, and, if we go to work in season, put up good and true men, and honest men of all parties will feel bound to aid in securing their election.

MILESBURG ITEMS.—*Accident*—One day last week Albert J. Hall, of Milesburg, engaged at the factory of the Messrs. Webb as shingle packer, had his right hand severely cut by a saw at which he was cutting strips. He loses the first joint of the little finger, while the next two are severely cut. Under the care of Dr. Grove he is doing well.

*Good Templars*—Milesburg lodge meets every Monday evening in their hall. It bids fair to flourish, but is not yet favored with the membership of any of the resident physicians.

*Improvement*—Messrs. Cook and McClain have erected a fine hat-rack which improves the appearance of their store and displays this part of their stock to much better advantage.

*Church Interest*—Quite a large number of the brethren accompanied the Rev. W. A. Biggart to Bellefonte on Sunday afternoon last to attend his first meeting in the Baptist church of that place. The house was well filled and a good sermon preached.

—Up town depot for A. J. Cruse's cigars is at J. Zeller & Son's drug store.

THE FAILURE OF THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.—Notwithstanding the many efforts put forth to make the Centennial show a grand success, it will be useless for any one in this section to visit it with the expectation of seeing anything like as good a line of saddlery as is now on exhibition at the harness store of James Schofield, on Spring street, Bellefonte, Pa. No charge of admission. Single harness from $15 to $25 per set, fly-nets, curry-combs, brushes, mountings, whips, harness and coach oils, ect., in full, at lowest prices. Repairing of all kinds promptly and neatly executed. Call and see for yourself.

—Josh advises people not to get rich; but there are men in Bellefonte who will skulk around and sling an occasional dollar into the bank against the protestations of all respectable people.

—Preparations for the observance of Decoration Day are in active progress, and should the weather prove favorable a fine display may be expected.

—An indispensable adjunct to every toilet is Green's castor oil and glycerine pomade.

—Soda Ash and Concentrated Lye, for making soap, at Zeller's.

—Our agent was at Howard yesterday, and he says Webber has as fine a store as anyone would like to look at.

—Fine flavoring extracts for ice cream, puddings, &c., at Zeller's drug store.

—The personal property of Abraham Switzer, deceased, will be sold today at his former residence, on Spring street.

—Judges Dopp and Love are candidates for reelection. The former is the most dignified jurist that comes to town, and the latter is the most polite Democratic office-hunter that walks our streets. He bows equal to a modern dancing master.

—A colored gentleman, decked out in white pantaloons and vest, linen duster and straw hat, startled Bellefonte the other morning by rushing down High street. This would have been a welcome sight were it not for the fact that following close behind him was another figure clad in an Ulster overcoat and fur cap, which rather put the darkey in the shade.

—Last Saturday the Baptists of this town met together for the purpose of organizing a church. They have rented the old Methodist church on the hill, above the Court House, and have called Rev. A. Biggart to the pastorate. Services were held last Sunday afternoon, and will be continued regularly each Sabbath at 3 o'clock P. M. A meeting will be held next Friday evening, 19th inst., for the purpose of organizing a Sunday-school. Let all interested attend and help this enterprise from the start.

—It's only a cough that has brought many to untimely graves. What is a cough? The lungs or bronchial tubes have been attacked by a cold; nature sounds an alarm bell, telling where the disease lies. Wisdom suggests "try Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry;" it has cured, during the last half of a century, thousands upon thousands of persons. As long as you cough there is danger, for the cough is a safety valve. Use "Wistar" and be cured, only 50 cents and $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

—Mr. Elias Miller, late landlord at Madisonburg, was robbed a short time ago of some $80 in hard money. The money was in a chest, the lock of which some one sprung with a pocket-knife, in which attempt the blade of the knife broke off and slipped into the chest. This piece was afterwards found and shown to belong to the knife of a Mr. Glassmire, a traveling hair worker, who had been boarding with Mr. Miller, and who moved his quarters to Hublersburg shortly after the theft was committed. The broken knife blade has caused suspicion to fall upon Glassmire.—*Reporter.*

—The following memorial minutes were adopted by the School Board of Boggs township, at their monthly meeting on the 29th of April, 1876:

The School Board of Boggs township, with deep regret but with submission to the will of God, record the removal by death of their late colleague and friend, James Harris Lion.

For a number of years he was a member of this Board, and acted as Treasurer. His zeal for the interest of the public school was always ardent, consistent and unchanging. Few, if any, were more constant in their attendance at the meetings of the Board, or served in it with greater ability and faithfulness. He was always efficient, judicious and liberal. A true man—a good citizen. He died as he lived—a devout Christian—leaving us the assurance that he had gone to rest from his labors and be with God.

*Resolved*, That these proceedings be entered on the minutes and a copy be sent his family; and also copies sent to the REPUBLICAN and *Watchman*, papers in Bellefonte, for insertion.

P. W. BARNHART, President.
GEO. W. TAYLOR, Secretary.
E. ZIMMERMAN,
JACOB YARNALL,
AUSTIN CURTIN.

—The Democrats, caused by dissention in our own party, succeeded in getting control of the offices in Spring township during two or three years prior to this year; but their bad management caused the Republicans to rouse up and join hands, which enabled them to elect the Republican ticket at the late election. Among the successfull candidates, Joseph Eckley, a very estimable and trust-worthy citizen, was elected Supervisor. Mr. Eckley, feeling that his domestic duties required all his time, came to Court and asked Judge Orvis to relieve him, who did so, and appointed John White, a Democrat, in his place. This action of Judge Orvis did not meet the approval of the Spring township Democracy who remonstrated, and the associates Dopp and Love reversed or demurred the action of Judge Orvis and appointed John Sweeney, a chronic Democratic office-hunter of that township. It was claimed that White, drunk or sober, was the best Democratic supervisor ever Spring township had; but the astute judges, having an eye to business, appointed Sweeney who is a brother-in-law of Gip Larimer, Gip being a candidate for judge. These judges have manifested great skill and strategy by this sharp manœuvre; but if they think they can choke Gip off by appointing his relations to office, they are barking up the wrong stump; and the sooner they realize that Gip is one of the coming nominees, the sooner they will realize what a useless appendage an associate judge is in aiding to propel the wheels of justice.

—Another railroad meeting was held in the Court House last Thursday evening. D. G. Bush, Esq., was chosen chairman, and, after making some remarks in favor of immediate action, called upon the committee appointed at the last meeting to obtain subscriptions, to make a report.

Gen. Beaver made a report saying that about eight thousand dollars had been subscribed. A motion was made to appoint a committee among the merchants to obtain subscriptions among that class, when Messrs. S. A. Brew, Thos. A. Hicks and J. A. Harper were appointed. It was then voted to adjourn to meet again on Saturday night.

On Saturday night another meeting was held, when the committee of merchants reported that they had raised two thousand dollars. It is now thought that the sum of twenty thousand dollars will be raised when the road will be commenced and cars running in five months, but it will require hard, persistent work in order to raise the required sum. This is the last chance to get this road, and it is a question which our people must meet fair and square; if we fail now, then the Penns Valley trade will be lost to us and our county will be divided, with the mountains as the dividing line. Can our property owners and merchants afford this? Can they afford to have the great trade of the other side diverted to Lewistown, as it surely will, if the road is completed in that direction, and no connection from Bellefonte? It is a matter of the most vital interest to our people. The question must be met to-day—now; it will not admit of delay. Let us be wise in time, before our industries languish and our opportunity is lost. It has been said that "there are affairs in the tide of men which, taken a the flood, lead on to fortune." It is now flood tide to the people of this town, and let us not leave this opportunity go by, as it is our last chance. The Saturday evening meeting adjourned to meet again on Tuesday evening. This being the night we go to press, we are unable to give the proceedings. They will appear in our next issue.

—We were shocked to learn that Mr. David Orndorf, of Haines twp., committed suicide by hanging, on Monday, May 8th, between 11 and 12 o'clock. Mr. Orndorf had been in the field on the forenoon of that day planting pumpkin seeds, and about 11 o'clock he left the field and went to the house, as his sons supposed, who were in the field with him. At dinner he was missing, and search being made he was found suspended from a beam over the threshing floor of his barn. He had fastened a cow chain, by means of a strong rope, to the timber, and with the chain around his neck, he evidently jumped so as to remain suspended, and was found dead. Mr. Orndorf was an old resident and farmer of that township, and an upright man, respected by all who knew him, and his self-inflicted death has greatly shocked the community. He was in good circumstances, and various surmises are afloat as to what could have deranged his mind sufficient to lead him to commit suicide. Some suppose he was worried about a debt of $600 upon his farm, others that the dower upon the farm; which he had lately purchased, worried him, although there was no occasion for uneasiness as he was the owner of another farm, and was possessed of outstanding means to secure him against any financial embarrassment.—*Reporter.*

—Charles Brown has just started a wholesale liquor store, on Bishop street, where he is prepared to furnish the trade with the purest liquors to be found in the market, and at prices which defy competition.

—Reuben Croch, of Boggs township, died of consumption last Friday night. He leaves a wife and two children.

—Quotations of WHITE, POWELL & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 42 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, May 13, 1876.

| | BID. | ASKED. |
|---|---|---|
| U. S. 1881, c | 122 ¼ | 122⅜ |
| " 5 20 " '65, M. and N | 114⅝ | 114¾ |
| " " " '65, J. and J | 118⅛ | 118⅜ |
| " " " '67, " " | 120⅝ | 120¾ |
| " " " '68, " " | 122⅜ | 122⅝ |
| " 10-40 coupon | 118 ⅛ | 118⅜ |
| " Pacific 6's, cy | 127⅝ | 127¾ |
| New 5's, Reg. 1881 | 117 | 117⅛ |
| " " c 1881 | 117 | 117⅛ |
| Called Bonds | | |
| Gold | 112¾ | 112⅞ |
| Silver | | |
| Pennsylvania | 52½ | 52⅝ |
| Reading | 44⅜ | 44⅝ |
| Philadelphia and Erie | 18 | 18⅛ |
| Lehigh Navigation | 46¼ | 46½ |
| " Valley | 57⅜ | 58 |
| United R. R. of J | 134½ | 135 |
| Oil Creek | 10 | 10⅛ |
| Northern Central | 54⅛ | 54⅜ |
| Central Transportation | 47¼ | 47½ |
| Nesquehoning | 53¾ | 54 |
| C. & A. Mortgages 6's '89 | 103¾ | 104 |

## MARRIED.

On the 11th inst., by Rev. W. E. Detwiler, Mr. William H. Myers, of Clinton county, and Miss Sarah E. Lyons, of Centre county.

On April 26th, at Lutheran Parsonage, Pleasant Gap, by Rev. A. J. Hartsock, Mr. H. D. Kennedy, of Lemont, Pa., and Miss Mary Kreamer of Boalsburg.

On May 13th, 1876, at the same place by the same, Mr. J. S. Harman, of Lemont, and Miss Mary Bohn, of Boalsburg.

## DIED.

On Monday, March 27, 1876, at his home in Benner township, Mr. John Karbaugh, in the 54th year of his age.

At Jacksonville, this county, of typhoid pneumonia, on May 6th, Eddie L., son of R. F. and M. Ellie Holmes, aged 3 years and 1 month.

Not dead but sleeping.